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Albert Edson Smith

SOULS IN ARMOUR

and

OTHER BACCALAUREATE MESSAGES

BY

ALBERT EDWIN SMITH

D.D., PH.D., LL.D.

President of Ohio Northern University, 1905–1930

Author of the

"Doctrine of Immortality and Its Philosophic Warrant"

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK · G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS · LONDON

The Knickerbocker Press

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SOULS IN ARMOUR

Copyright, 1930
by
Albert Edwin Smith

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First Edition

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Made in the United States of America

Preface

"AND God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good." Satisfaction in the successful completion of his great work of creation was evidently a divine joy. I wonder if a spark of this divinity is not in the heart of every man who has given himself whole-heartedly to the achievement of some high and laudable enterprise? If the brain and genius of a Sir Christopher Wren could erect the splendid Cathedral of St. Paul's in London, and all observers are urged, as they stand among its glories, to see his memorial by looking about them, then why could not Sir Christopher himself be pardoned if he found some delight in its contemplation? All this is said to

justify myself in taking pride in my own life's work at Ohio Northern University. I have seen it come to greatness and usefulness. I have put my very blood in every brick of its buildings, watched the incoming tide of scholastic and spiritual prosperity and with perfect pleasure beheld it take its rightful position among the man-making institutions of higher learning.

The days of Commencement Week that ended each school year were supreme days. One of these high days belonged always to the president. On a Christian Sabbath, in a magnificent Auditorium, seating thousands, before the graduates, their fathers and mothers and friends, with every inch of standing room taken by eager hearers, these messages were delivered.

To stand before such a multitude, on such an occasion, under such favourable conditions, called forth the best in mind and spirit in the preacher.

I am certain of the effect these sermons had when spoken. I do not believe the life and light of them will be lost in this new form in which now they are clothed.

They are my children and as they go out into the world of thinking men and women, I trust they will receive fair treatment and honour their parentage.

ALBERT EDWIN SMITH.

Introduction

by

MYERS C. COOPER

Governor of Ohio

THE Ohio Northern University is one of the outstanding educational institutions of Ohio. For twenty-five years Doctor Albert Edwin Smith, now President Emeritus, has been its guiding spirit and star.

It was founded sixty years ago by a wonderful man, a born teacher, a progressive scholar and a lover of the common people.

He determined to establish an institution where blue-jeans should be as welcome as broadcloth, where the spirit of democracy should be regnant, and where the money, self-earned, of the poor boy and girl, should go farther in securing the blessings of an education than elsewhere.

Through these long years, the Halls of this

University were crowded to the doors, and out from them went some of the most earnest and successful men of the land to the high places of State, Church, Bar, School-room, and in every walk of life, bringing unusual honour to themselves and their Alma Mater.

When age had sounded its warning to its founder, Doctor Henry Solomon Lehr, he passed the solemn responsibility of perpetuating the work and fame of the school to the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Doctor Albert Edwin Smith in 1905, then in the full strength of his manhood, undertook the administration and guidance of the institution.

Under his able hand and dauntless spirit, the University has come to larger life and usefulness, with a magnificent campus, beautiful buildings, greatly enlarged Faculty, endowment and equipment, making possible a fine type of scholastic and spiritual training.

I have listened with interest and edification

to the ringing utterances of Doctor Smith, and I am glad to know that some of his select Baccalaureate Sermons are to find a wider hearing through the medium of the printed page.

It is the practical note in his ministry that clothes these Sermons with such value, for no one can read them without the consciousness of mental enlargement and soul expansion, a spiritual influx that inspires to greater love of God and mankind.

I trust for these Sermons a circulation that will render a real national service to State and Church, and thus enlarge and prolong the influence of a Prophet Preacher, whose faith and courage, consecration and scholarship, give him high rank among the educational leaders of his time.

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Souls in Armour

Souls in Armour

TEXT: Eph. 6: 11 and 13—"Put on the whole armour of God. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God."

I LOVE to think after St. Paul—his ideas are lofty, his language rich and terse, his figures of speech forceful and fitting. He was no mollycoddle. He conceived Christianity after the rugged and militaristic spirit of the empire in which he lived. A Christian, to his mind, was to be like a Roman legionary—clad in mail, armed to the teeth and ready to vanquish every foe.

In the realms of the natural and spiritual worlds two great laws confront and astound us—the law of conservation and the law of opposition. One glorious attribute distinguishes life in all of its forms—from the lowest

to the highest, from savage beast to divine perfection—the attribute of solicitude for offspring. Even down in the plant world we see its manifestations. The dandelion provides each of its children a little parachute so that it may sail out over the fields and find some vacant nook in which to perpetuate its kind. What a brave fighter the old hen is even in the presence of an eagle as she defends her brood. The lioness springs at the bravest hunter in defence of her cubs. No member of the solar system has ever been severed from its home ties. Old Sol has as many children as he ever had because he reaches out with the strong arm of gravitation to hold them in loyalty to the family. In man we see the working of this law and hear him cry out after his greatest efforts—"The work of our hands, establish thou it." His most terrible wail is "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." He is cheered by the words of comfort—"Be ye steadfast, immovable, always abound-

ing in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labour is not in vain." How St. Paul yearns over his converts. He has suffered much, and travelled far to rescue them from heathenism and all its debasing sins, so that when he finds them happy in the Lord, he repeats with all emphasis the solemn warning and exhortation of the text—"Put on the whole armour of God that ye may be able to stand." In Jesus we see the force of this law. In His great high priestly prayer, He says, "Holy Father, keep those whom thou hast given me; those that thou gavest me I have kept and none of them is lost but the son of perdition; I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." Does it surprise you then this morning to find that this Christian college is moved by this same great law? That as we send forth these graduates upon whom we have bestowed the labour of years, for whom we have personally

the utmost of love and good wishes, we should dread the thought of the failure of a single one of them. We tremble lest tidings of disaster should come back to the University that even one of the three hundred had lost his footing and had been overwhelmed in the battle of life. Sad, if like Joseph, the beautiful garments which our expectation and hope have woven for each of them, should be brought back red with the blood of some evil beast of defeat.

The second law is that of opposition. Why armour at all? Because there are foes, and plenty of them. Foes who will attack and assault and try to overcome you.

> "My soul, be on thy guard;
> Ten thousand foes arise,
> The hosts of sins are pressing hard
> To draw thee from the skies."

Not in physical form, perhaps, will these foes come, that would make it far easier, but in spiritual forms—"For we wrestle not against

flesh and blood, but against principalities, authorities, the rulers of this world's darkness, against spiritual wickedness in high places." Are you appalled at the opposition which good incurs? When we want to do and be the best, why should an eternal war be necessary? How fine if Paul could have promised these Ephesian converts exemption from trial and tribulation after their conversion. But he warns and exhorts them that they must be souls in armour, that they must expect a stiff fight if they are to have ultimate victory. How delightful it would be if the university could give the same assurance to these many seniors. That their hardships and battles were all passed, that all the future would be a bed of roses, but you will remember that this is a commencement and it is, therefore, but the beginning of real fighting.

Let us not waste time then in lamenting the plan of life that it is athletic and militant. All your pacifism is lost effort. Life's plan is

God's plan and we will find His wisdom in it and will discover that—

1. Opposition is testing of character. God does not want us to be flabby, or yielding, or weak, and therefore the battle brings courage and strength.

2. It is our making. He is the Divine smith and with fire and anvil and hammer, he fashions us to His glory.

3. It is our victory, for He himself has promised "to him that overcometh will I give the crown of life." This text, therefore, teaches us this morning the need of—

I. Decisive Manhood. "Put on the whole armour of God." "Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God." The soldier wears a prescribed uniform. He marches under a prescribed banner, he obeys prescribed instructions, he has no will in the whole matter.

"His not to reason why,
His not to make reply,
His only to dare and die."

There is no option in the world excepting to free will, and free will belongs only to man as a moral agent. The automobile has nothing to do with determining whether it is to turn toward the right or toward the left when it reaches the cross-roads. The will that determines its direction and destination is in the driver. The old rhyme

> "One flew east, and one flew west
> And one flew over the cuckoo's nest"

does not express free agency but instinct in the birds.

> "The starry heavens, a spangled frame,
> Their great Original proclaim,
> For ever singing as they shine,
> 'The Hand that made us is divine'."

The singing part is purely poetical, the turning and the shining are not volition on the part of suns and stars, but sheer necessity—the insensible obedience to the law that drives them.

Man alone decides destiny. All advantages, privileges, opportunities may be despised, ignored and refused. "Behold I set before

you an open door." No man can shut it, no man can debar you from entering it but yourself. What a dignity there is in human will. Nothing can coerce it, not even God. "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will you die?" "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." "Therefore I have set before you life and death—choose."

This terrible responsibility is the crown that man alone wears—that differentiates him from stocks and stones, from beasts and birds, and from nature in general.

In this exhortation of St. Paul to you this morning self interest joins; all destiny cries for your instant decision; your whole future supplicates your will that you highly resolve to put on the whole armour of God.

Again this text teaches us the need of

II. Reinforced Manhood. Why armour? What aid can it be to the soul? What good

can we expect from it? The meaning of the armour is that man in his own naked self and in his personal resources is not able to meet his foes. He needs help. He needs reinforcement. The whole history of egoism is a history of failure.

Cain, refusing to build altars unto the Lord and to worship his God, falls into his fits of jealousy and envy, becomes a murderer, bears the mark of crime upon his brow and is tormented with the fear of destruction. With a cursed soul and with a cursed earth, what chance had he for success?

Julian, the apostate, after his denial of the Christ, is compelled to cry in the end, "O Galilean, thou hast conquered." He had lost life, faith, and his kingdom in his rejection of Jesus. So it has been with every soul-wreck. The rejection of God means the rejection of power, the power to win.

Under the load of life every true soul pleads for divine help.

Here is Moses, burdened with the responsibility of leading up a people out of gross depths of slavery and ignorance to nationality and independence and communion with God. In the face of rebellion, mutterings and murmurings, his heart fails him and he cries to God who had threatened to leave him alone at the task, "If thy presence go not up with me carry us not up hence." And God did go with him and the journey was made and Canaan was reached, and a great national history was begun.

Even Jesus on the cross faints in His agony at the thought of having been deserted by the Father. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Every task is a cross and the bitterest agony that can fill the soul is the thought that you must attempt it all alone.

Paul, the peerless, the invincible, staggers under the weight of his responsibilities and moans as he looks at the obstacles to be met and the enemies to be overcome. "Who is

sufficient for these things?" Who can tell the depth of his comfort and joy when it is whispered back to his soul, "My grace is sufficient for thee?"

Abraham Lincoln might be full of humour and joke and apparently indifferent to religion and holy things as a mere backwoodsman and a country lawyer, but when the crushing weight of a great war threatened the destruction of land and nation, it was then that literally his knees were hardened with the incessant prayer for help.

The armour, then, means reinforcement for manhood. When it is on, it is as if two were fighting instead of one. "One shall chase a thousand and two shall put ten thousand to flight."

And this is the armour, the reinforcement, that God gives to the spirit and soul of the believer.

1. The girdle of truth. Nothing is so basic in manhood as genuineness. The world

despises imitation and pretence. It wants pure gold. Therefore the search for truth has been the most noble that man has attempted and to all such searchers, Jesus declared, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

2. The breast-plate of righteousness. "Be sure you are right," Franklin said, "then go ahead." "I would rather be right than President," said Henry Clay. The breast-plate covered the vital organs in which life resided. And if a man is not thoroughly committed to integrity and virtue he is an open target to every foe.

3. Stability. Shod with the Gospel of Peace. The soldier could not expect to win unless he could keep his footing, and this is the great demand in the world that we be "able to stand." We are not to be tenpins knocked over by every rolling ball of fate, but we are to be a rock against which the rains and the floods and the winds may beat and blow with-

out our overthrow. We are to be the oak, deep rooted, though storm tossed, able to keep itself upright.

4. The shield of faith. To win, men must be men of conviction. They must be able to see more than the seen. They must have the keen analysis of spirit and the intuition of soul that are able to discern the chariots and horsemen of fire that surround every beleaguered Samaria of difficulty.

5. The helmet of salvation. Old fashioned religion was never needed more than it is today. If you want to be strong, "be strong in the Lord." All doubts and distrusts vanish under the definite and certain knowledge of personal experience.

6. The sword of the spirit—"the word of God." It is not too late to believe in the Bible. It is still the "impregnable rock of Holy Scriptures." Let no attack of presumptuous critics cause you to lose your reverence for this Book of the Ages. In it

you will find not only good literature, and good English and good History, but you will find it full of comfort, full of peace, and full of help under every circumstance of life.

Finally, the text suggests to us the need of

III. Aggressive Manhood. It is no teaching of Christ that His followers are to be pillar saints. I saw seventy withered old monks in the monastery of Mar Saba in the Kedron Gorge, eating the poorest food and reading the Bible diligently even while they ate, lest the world might tempt them from holy thinking. They might as well have been dead and buried as far as usefulness to the Kingdom of God is concerned. In Christ's great prayer in John XVII, He gives His attitude regarding the world—"I pray that thou shouldest not take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." "In the world ye shall have tribulation." His disciples were to be in the world but not of it. They were to overcome the world by the

The Old and the New Presidents

Dr. Smith Dr. Williams

heroic qualities that religion implanted in them.

Let us remember the armour is not all defensive; it is likewise offensive. The sword is for attack. Foes must not only be withstood, but they must be routed. If it is great to hold your ground in the conflict, it is greater still to compel the enemy to surrender his.

The nation grew weary and discouraged for long months during the Civil War when the daily report from the fighting front was—"all is quiet on the Potomac." That was the trouble; it was too quiet. The war would never have ended; the rebellion would never have been put down if someone finally had not disturbed the repose on the Potomac. They finally found a man who intended to fight and to fight it out if it took all summer, and then the roar of guns replaced "The quiet on the Potomac" and peace soon ensued.

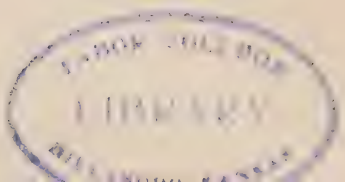
The history of man is the history of

progress—but progression is only another word for aggression. Man has always had to contend in order to ascend. There can be no greater calamity to man and to humanity than to remain in statu quo. If you have not the spirit of conquest you are doomed. To hold your own, simply to hide in some snug and secure place, will spell your eternal defeat and put you among the conquered instead of among the conquerors.

Just one more word about doffing the armour. I think it will inspire you to put the armour on if you know that after valiant service and true warfare, some day will bring you honourable discharge, and you will need to fight no more. It is our happy faith as Christians not only to believe in the life militant, but in the life triumphant; that the time is coming when we will throw the shield and the sword away; when we will not need faith, for it will have been replaced with sight; when we will not need the Word of God any longer, for He will

speak to us as we stand face to face; when prayer will no longer be an exercise of the soul, for direct address is always better than petition.

When we study the ages we find that Heaven has been conceived by men after the notions of their pleasures. The heaven of the Mohammedan was the heaven of lust; the heaven of the Northman was the feast and wild carousal in the halls of Valhalla; the heaven of the American Indian was the happy hunting ground where he was to chase the game and live his wild life for ever; but the Heaven of the Christian is an eternity of character building, of fellowship with God, and of endless service in the employment of the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords.



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The Endless Quest

The Endless Quest

TEXT: First Epistle of John, 3d Chapter, 2d Verse.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

"With favouring winds, o'er sunlit seas,
We sailed for the Hesperides,
The land where golden apples grow;
But that, ah! that was long ago.

How far, since then, the ocean streams
Have swept us from that land of dreams,
That land of fiction and of truth,
The lost Atlantis of our youth!

Whither, ah, whither? Are not these
The tempest-haunted Hebrides,
Where sea-gulls scream, and breakers roar,
And wreck and sea-weed line the shore?

Ultima Thule! Utmost Isle!
Here in thy harbours for a while
We lower our sails; a while we rest
From the unending, endless quest."

THUS sang Longfellow celebrating the old and mistaken belief of the early navigators, that in sailing out from the mainland of Europe

some group of islands, hugging the European Continent, perhaps the Azores, the Hebrides, or possibly Iceland, was the last bit of land—hence called Ultima Thule, the Utmost Isle, and that beyond this there lay nothing but a world of water and a waste of waves. Today we smile at their geographical ignorance, but then such ignorance characterized every realm of human activity, or rather inactivity. Man at first did not venture far in any direction, but was content to live in narrow limits, satisfied with meagre rights, cherished few ambitions, and did not even dream of the boundless possibilities within and without him. Nevertheless, there slumbered in his bosom the spirit of an adventurer; all nature seemed so fashioned as to entice him and to lead him beyond himself. The sky above stretched in a crystal arch and built a horizon, always near him but ever retreating as he advanced. The ships that sailed out upon the apparently level waters soon sank out of

sight and he wondered where they had gone. Even God seemed to hide *Himself*, "as if there were no God," and not only hid Himself, but His secrets and His truths, in order that man might learn: "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing: but the honour of Kings to search out a matter"—yea, their business is to ransack the universe. All the great nations have been maritime. Assyria and Babylon were merely aggregated mobs, ignorant and stupid, ruled by despotism. They were not sailors. Rome would have suffered the same fate had not the Carthaginians taught them that the mastery of the sea meant the mastery of men, so they built their triremes and conquered the Mediterranean and became mighty. It is thus today Russia lies in defeat, a huge broken giant, because she has been barred from the danger and the storm of the ocean where the conquering spirit is bred. England, on the other hand, rules a good part of the world because she rules the waves. America, with

the most extensive coast line of any nation in the world, is sailing the salt seas and her navy and its achievements are one of the brightest pages of her history. We hail, also, the Viking, the bold Norwegian who first broke the spell of fear and ignorance and reached the shores of this new world in a mere open boat. We hail Columbus, whose faith and courage were so great and indomitable as to move a queen to pledge her jewels in exchange for a new world. We hail all who have helped to break the shackles of fear and superstition, who have dispelled the mists that have clouded mind, and all who have proved that life here and for ever is a race that has no goal and a journey that has no end.

"Ultima Thule! Utmost Isle!" Let us be persuaded today, once for ever, that there is no such isle. We may in our voyaging put into some port, rest in some harbour for "awhile," lower our sails, not to furl them but to enlarge them—for the voyage is not

over and never will be. Tomorrow we will launch anew and it will be "On and on!" in the "unending endless quest." And this is our Theme—"The Endless Quest."

For long I thought the supreme horror in thinking was the thought of extinction. After we have lived and loved, enjoyed hope and happiness, possessed friends and favour, to have the light put out, to sink in the darkness of eternal oblivion! This seemed to be the most bitter conception, for man has a passion for immortality. He pities the mist, "the vapour which appeareth for a season and then vanisheth away," but he admires the rock that endureth the ages. He pities Jonah's gourd, that springs up in a night and perishes in a night, but he admires the Sequoia, the red-wood giant of the Rockies, that roots itself in the heart of the mountains and raises its head far into the skies; the king of the forest that spread its branches when Christ hung on Calvary; that was a mighty tree

when Moses led the children of Israel out of Egypt, and was growing splendidly when Abraham sat under the oaks at Mamre. He has an appetite as well as a passion for longevity—"With long life will I satisfy him" and apparently he will not be satisfied with anything else. And here we find one of the convincing proofs of Immortality. The body is full of appetites and there is a marvellous variety of food to satisfy them; the mind, also, is full of hunger, and lo, the endless knowledge and truth found everywhere to satisfy it; would it not be a cruel contradiction if God had made a human soul, filled with innumerable longings, which the earth does not satisfy, with no provision of future satisfaction? However, the supreme horror of thought is not that of extinction, but that of completion; that death is a finality, not of being but of attainment; that in it all aspirations will be extinguished, all goals will be reached, all growth will be ended. That it is

a port of some Ultima Thule from which we will not sail on. That eternity is an everlasting halt, a standstill, for ever marking time but not going forward. Rather than this experience, we would welcome extinction. If heaven is only a place to loaf, a golden city, of golden streets, of golden rocking chairs, of golden yawns and snoozes, who would desire to reach it? If eternity is only continued stagnation, who would wish to experience it? Whenever the past becomes more rich and inviting than the future, suicide becomes a virtue.

This morning I desire to inspire you with my belief that there is,

I. No Ultimate Knowledge. Men were, at first, as loathe to launch upon the sea of thought as upon the sea of waters. The one seemed as deep and as dangerous and as shoreless as the other. For thousands of years they lived in a little narrow mental continent with crudest notions,

vaguest ideas and the dimmest vision. They were mere coasters, hugging the shore, afraid of the new, the light, the deep, awed by its mystery and fettered by its fears. For centuries Ultima Thule seemed to be reached in the philosophy of Aristotle and Plato; in the oratory of Demosthenes and Cicero; in the astronomy of Ptolemy, who made the sun revolve around the earth and the earth to stand upon the back of an elephant, and the elephant to stand upon the back of a tortoise, and the tortoise upon the back of imagination; in the theology of Calvin, who sent innocent babies to hell and elected sinners to heaven; in the science of Roger Bacon, who spent his years in prison as a conjuror instead of a chemist. "But that, ah! that was long ago." The golden age of intelligence is not behind but before. Intrepid, intellectual Cabots, De Gamas, and Balboas sailing out and on, have found new worlds, traced new continents, and added new hemispheres to human think-

ing, until Ultima Thule in the mental, as in the physical world, is found to be a myth. The Newtons are still standing on the shore playing with the few pebbles of intellectual discovery, and yet fascinated with the great, broad, deep ocean of undiscovered truths that stretches before them. In spite of the glare of electricity, the hum of the aeroplane, the mystery of radio, the revelation of physical forces; in spite of man taking to himself wings and cleaving the air, and making guns that will shoot an hundred miles; in spite of the pride and presumption of mortal mind, we have just begun to learn how to trim the sails, hold the helm, read the compass, and to know that the quest for knowledge is endless.

I would inspire you this morning with my conviction that there is,

II. No Ultimate Government. Man is a gregarious animal. He loves his fellows and flocks with them, and yet imbued with a thousand conflicting desires and passions

he cannot live with them excepting under law and order. He must respect the rights of others and learn reverence for authority, and that obedience means life. For millenniums the ideal was a government that granted the largest justice, imposed the least burden, and conferred upon man the greatest happiness. It is needless to say that this ideal is still a dream. From little groups of humanity, bound together by ties of blood, dwelling as a family, obeying a mild parental government, the race has multiplied into nations made up of millions. Evidently the bond that binds them must be stronger, the loyalty in them must be deeper, and their unity must be more inviolate than was possible under patriarchal control.

In the absence of higher principles, leadership was first determined by the right of might; superiority gave supremacy. The man most daring in his spirit, with the strongest arm, the keenest sword, and the highest

The Campus of the University, Showing Duke Memorial and Administration Building

prowess, became the chieftain; the mightiest chieftain became the king; the bravest king became the emperor. As long as leaders led, and won a place in the hearts of their fellows and followers by their skill, ability, and readiness to brave danger and death, this form of government was bearable, but when the leaders tarried in palaces, while their warriors bled, when a Kaiser could sacrifice every German son but his own, Monarchy and Autocracy became obsolete—they are not Ultima Thule, and we have sailed by them for ever. We have just passed through the greatest war of history, in order that we may consign thrones to museums, relegate kings to oblivion, and to make Democracy safe for the world.

The discovery of a new world was followed by the discovery of a new type of sovereignty. The education and enlightenment of the masses gave birth to self-government, and there was born in this new world the first great republic

—"a government of the *people*, by the *people*, and for the *people*." I love it, I sympathize with the colored soldier from Arkansas, who returning from the trenches in France, welcomed by the Goddess of Liberty in New York harbor, said, "Old lady, if you ever see me again, you will have to turn around." At least I would express my love for America in the classical words of Doctor Van Dyke:

"Tis fine to see the old world,
To travel up and down
Among the famous palaces
And cities of renown;
To admire the crumbly castles
And statues of the kings,
But now I think I've had enough
Of antiquated things.

So it's home again, home again, America for me,
My heart is turning homeward, and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom, beyond the ocean's bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight, and the flag is full of stars."

Let us not believe, however, that even America is Ultima Thule. We have not yet reached political perfection.

America, politically, the boldest sailor of all the nations, is not through sailing. However glorious citizenship under the Stars and Stripes may be, however large the opportunity here granted, we have not yet a government that grants the largest justice, imposes the least burden, and confers the greatest happiness. Beyond us stretches the sea in which we will find a greater America. We are now busy rubbing off the spots from our political sun. It required an ocean of blood and four long years of warfare to cleanse the nation from the plague of slavery; long years of fighting to erase the stain of a licensed saloon system; a century and a half to learn the worth of woman and her equality before the law. I would like to return a thousand years from now when capital and labour will not regard each other as enemies but as co-workers; when strikes and graft and Senate investigations will be undreamed of, and sing with a new note of triumph—"My country 'tis of

thee, Sweet land of liberty." Come back and see a land in which intellect and character alone will afford ground for political preferment.

In conclusion, I would inspire you this morning with my faith that there is,

III. No Ultimate Being. There is a science of soul as well as a science of knowledge and government. If there are such potentialities of mind in man and knowledge sown in the universe to answer them all; if there are such infinite political possibilities and capacity in man to discover and use them all, what shall we say of spirit? The answer is found in our text, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Man long lived in a continent of doubt concerning his future and destiny. He grasped at hints from nature as a drowning man grasps at straws, and inquired, "If a man die shall he live again?" He saw the chrysalis, wrapped in its strange cocoon, at last come forth in a

new form of beauty. He saw the day die in the setting sun, and the dark night, and yet born again in a new morn of splendour. He saw the flower fade and lose its fragrance and beauty, and yet beheld the bulb in due time burst forth anew, but they were only hints not proofs. At last, however, a Great Sailor pushed out from this little land of dreams, crossed the seas of doubt and solved the problem and "brought life and immortality to light." He found a new world of hope and assurance that has thrilled humanity with confidence.

Life is a series of experiences. The experience of conversion is one and we sing, "O happy day when Jesus washed my sins away." Another is the experience of sanctification and we sing, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." But it would be great folly to think that any of these were the Ultima Thule of the soul. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," "but we know that when he doth

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appear we shall be like him." Like Him in body, glorious, spiritual, tireless, sinless; like Him in environment,—"But the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and shall lead them unto living fountains of water." "That where I am there ye shall be also." All the beauty, all the glory, all the purity, all the power that surround him will surround us. Like Him in joy,—"Enter ye into the joy of thy Lord." Who shall be able to measure the boundless, fathomless joy of God and yet this is to be our joy. O, little man of earth, look up! O, discouraged man, cheer up! Thrones were made for you. You have been faithful over a few things, you are to rule over many; the boundless sea of eternity is before you on which you are to sail for ever. When John explored the heavenly city he was so impressed with the magnificence and stature and beauty of his guide that he fell down to worship him, but the angel said, "See that thou do it not for I am one of thy

brethren." The tall angel was a man undergoing the marvellous processes of eternity. Nothing less glorious would have justified his creation. So sailors of the Infinite, Sons of Light, Sons of God, I hail you.

Behind him lay the grey Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo, the very stars are gone,
Brave Adm'rl, speak; What shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'rl, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said;
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'rl; speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed! they sailed! Then spoke the mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth tonight,
He hurls his lips, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth as if to bite!
Brave Adm'rl, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leap; as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn he kept his deck,
And peered thro' darkness. Ah! that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! and on!"

The Romance of Discovery

The Romance of Discovery

Triple Text
1. Heb. 11:8. The Experience
2. Gen. 37:19. The Vision
3. Phil. 3:10. The Prayer

HUMAN life is so enswathed in mysteries, so full of checkmates, riddles and uncertainties, that it is not strange that in all ages multitudes of individuals, and even whole nations, have been converts to the doctrine of Fatalism, and believers in human doom.

The Greeks conceived the destinies of men as in the hands of three Goddesses—Clotho, who spins the thread of life, Lachesis, who determines its length, and Atropos, who cuts it off. It is a crude notion of a far past day, of course, since in these progressive times one maiden without help can usually settle a man's destiny.

The Romans, surrendered to the same delusion, divided into two camps—Stoics, who accepted the inevitable without emotion, and the Epicureans, who played with it as a joke and invented the slogan "Let us eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow we die." Three hundred millions of India bow to Karma, the inflexible law of retribution, the consequence of the grinding mill of Cause and Effect.

The whole Mohammedan world explains all disaster, reverse and loss of fortune as the irrevocable will of Allah.

Few of us have escaped the taint of this superstition. A superstition that lies at the basis of that great Humbug, Fortune-Telling. Many really believe that their future is hidden, veiled and so fixed and predetermined as to make them perfectly helpless to change results. And yet, such is human nature, the more enigmatical that future the more curious men are to know it and the greater is the crop of fakers who pretend to reveal it.

What a calamity if they could. If all the sorrows, accidents, horrors, incident to existence, and which make up the headlines of the newspapers, were revealed to us instantly we would all rush out like mad.

When I was a lad an old coloured woman in my town made her living by reading all the love affairs and results of matrimonial ventures, for the young women of the town, out of a greasy deck of cards. A perfect stream flowed to her door.

At the St. Louis Exposition one street was given up to amusements. One of the most frequented places was the "Palace of Palmistry." Here for so much "per" a painted and persuasive female would read in the lines and bumps of your hands all that awaited you.

I trust you, Graduates, are not bound with this chain. Your fortune, or misfortune, is not in any deck of cards, in the dregs of coffee or tea, but it is in you; not graved on your hands but upon the tables of your heart, in the

invincible resolutions of your Spirit. You are Captain of your soul and of all its destinies. Keep your hand firmly on the helm and you will drop anchor in a happy port.

Psychologically youth does not enjoy preaching. Preaching, Religion, any institution which operates by procedures and formulas, grooved and fixed, implies authority, restraint, surrender of self, even seriousness and thinking. Youth does not want age to lecture it, History to inform it, or Experience to instruct it.

Youth has fought no battles, and therefore, is ignorant of defeat; it has carried no burdens, and consequently its shoulders do not know the flinch and weariness that will come by and by; it has no notion of responsibility, it has felt no pain, borne no sorrows, felt no heart-breaks, nor break-downs! Why should it be afraid or be abashed at the Future?

Youth is adventure. I recently made a special journey to Washington, D. C., to see

some marvellous mural decorations in the National Geographic Building. I found my subject for today as I looked at them—"The Romance of Discovery."

Balboa, that intrepid Spaniard, braving the seas, penetrating the jungles, ascending the Mountains in Darien, to get the thrill of a lifetime in that first glimpse of the broad Pacific.

Byrd, that splendid American, winging his way over the frozen solitudes of the Arctic regions, to win the honour of having been first from the air to locate the North Pole.

Youth is imagination. It does not walk on the earth but on the clouds; it does not dig in the mountains for gold, it finds it by chasing rainbows. Hence the beguiling influence of the movies for young people. Once in six months is enough for me, but they cannot find nights enough in the week for young people. The more grotesque, the more wild and daring, the more impossible the better.

That is why the Arabian Nights is devoured by youth and unread by age—Aladdin with his wonderful lamp, a hero to youth—because youth is Aladdin.

Youth is dreamland. Look at that seventeen year old Joseph telling his big, unsophisticated brothers how in dreams he saw their sheaves bowing to his and even his father and mother and brothers—the whole family—like the Sun and Moon and Stars making obeisance to him. No wonder they found his company uncomfortable.

Youth is courage. No that is not Saul the King seeking Philistines to slay. Saul is in his tent. This is Jonathan full of red-blood, attended by his armour-bearer, who has located the enemy and climbs the heights that single-handed he may engage them.

A great giant defies the hosts of Israel for days. Who will go out and meet him? Not the tall, older sons of Jesse, but the baby boy, the youngest, David—he whirls his sling and

leaps to the fray to bring the arch foe to earth.

If you want to conquer the world don't ask Philip of Macedon to do it—he will not even try. Ask his 19 year old son, Alexander—he will do it. If you want Germany lifted out of Inferiority to Superiority, don't ask Frederick Wilhelm sitting content with a little Kingdom in his "Tobacco Parliament." Command his son Frederick, who at the age of twenty-eight is to add a province to Germany, snatched in one brilliant campaign from Austria, and is called "Frederick the Great."

If you want the Atlantic spanned in a single flight, if you want the nations visited and united by good-will don't ask some old grizzled army officer to try it, but let Lindbergh, twenty-six—a captain only, and he will do it.

Do you want a Champion for Christianity —then do not think of Nicodemus—he loves Jesus—but is timid and seeks him only by night—go and find that youth at whose feet

the young men, who stoned Stephen, lay their garments.

Do you want to redeem the world? Then it is useless to ask Caiaphas. He is old, bigoted, full of prejudice. Ask that golden-haired, blue-eyed youth of Galilee. He will do it and has done it.

Oh, Youth of the warm heart, of the flaming passions, of the bounding ambitions, of the courageous, dreaming, imaginative and adventurous spirit, I challenge you to climb higher mountains than those in Darien, to discover fairer lands than even the Americas, and to discover greater riches than were ever found in Treasure Island.

I want you to know

I. The Romance of Discoveries in Character.

It might well be the subject of a great debate which has the larger power in moulding human life, Heredity or Environment. Doubtless it takes a brave soul to defy, or to over-

come, the influence of either or both. Unconsciously we all yield to the silent pressures of these two forces.

But, in spite of Albert Edward Wiggam's family tree, the laws of Gregor Mendel, Guinea Pigs and all that, I wish to enter the list on the side of environment. I desire to know why most "people in Rome do as the Romans do." I want to discover the reason why Lot, infatuated by the beauties of Sodom, first pitches his tent toward it, and then, erelong, is in it a full fledged citizen, doing business with the abominable men in it, marrying his children to them, and having at last to be pulled out of the fire by Angel hands.

I am anxious to learn why a German girl coming to America at fourteen years of age, unable to speak a word of English, forgets every word of German by the time she is thirty and can speak only the acquired tongue. Certainly nothing explains all of this but environment.

Chaldea, where we find Abraham in our text, is bad environment. It has a bad religion. Its people are uncertain about God. They are idolators and worship many gods. When men are uncertain about deity they are uncertain about morals, society, life and everything else.

Then, materialism is the supreme thing in Chaldea. A man is measured not by what he is but by what he has—and that is the yard-stick of the world and not of God.

Flocks, herds, acres, servants, not virtues, principles, highmindedness and a pure heart. Now Abraham was born in Chaldea and reared there. All his kinsfolk, friends, interests are there. Why should he migrate? Why listen to that voice that is saying—"depart?" What a loss, what a sacrifice is demanded! To give up what you have, and go out searching for what you do not know even exists.

His neighbours will question his sanity and declare him a fool. But destiny is at stake and

character more than anything else determines destiny. Great is the adventure and great the Romance to which it leads.

He came into the land of Canaan and Canaan made him famous. He found it a high Plateau—thousands of feet above sea-level. To the East lay the deep valley of the Jordan —but Sodom and Gomorrah lay in it; to the West was the Mediterranean plains occupied by the vile and debased Philistines. On the heights he finds his place, founds his Nation and makes safe his name and fame. Not one single contemporary in Chaldea is known to history. All went down in oblivion and Abraham would have gone too but for his obedience to the voice.

Canaan is character. Here he found the true God. All uncertainties were lost; faith, friendship, and favour with God turned every rock into an altar, every loss into a gain and every test into a stepping-stone.

Here he learned the subordinate value of

things and the superior importance of the Spiritual. He leads the battle against the Kings who had captured his nephew, Lot, and keeps not even a shoe-latchet of the spoil—what is earthly loot to a man filled with the love of God?

In a strife between his herdsmen and those of Lot he turns to the bare ridges and God rather than to the rich pasture lands of Sodom and the death of character. No wonder his name and fame endure to our day and he is known as the friend of God and the father of the faithful. Oh, young men and women, I want you, as you go out not knowing whither you are going, to hear the voice and follow the leadings that you may find the Canaan of character and the God of all blessings.

I want you to know

II. The Romance of Discoveries in Moral Conquest.

If Canaan is character, then Egypt is moral conquest. I saw a picture of the so-called

world conquerors. On mighty battle steeds, at the head of great armies, rode Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Napoleon, etc., No one would call them great today except as destroyers of their kind. They lived to debase, to despoil their fellows and to exploit them for their own selfish enrichment.

I have recently read a new life of Napoleon —one thousand pages. I followed him from his cradle to his grave without a single emotion. Self-love, self-exaltation, self-glory made me glad when the finis was reached.

But I read for the twentieth time the twelve chapters in Genesis where is recorded the most entrancing bit of human biography ever written—the story of Joseph. I read it with my face wet with tears as I had always read it before.

I wonder if any such evil star ever rose on any other youth? Only seventeen, the darling of his father, hated by his envious brothers; sold into Egypt, enslaved, imprisoned, tried

by every form of temptation and discouragement. For thirteen years he endures degredation, homesickness, but not despair. Where are his dreams?

But wait! They may strip him of his coat but they will not strip him of his reverence for Father and Mother; they will not take away the principles of purity and honour woven into his soul, nor will they rob him of his love and loyalty to God. He carried these along with him and in turn they will carry him over the rough road to glory. For Joseph discovered moral conquest in Egypt. He escaped from slavery, he slipped all his bonds, he fought down cruel temptations and rose above all circumstances until at last the ring of authority was on his finger, the purple of majesty upon his shoulders and his ears were filled with the applaudits of the people as he rode in the chariot of power. What a story to uplift youth. No blot, no stain, Administrator of an Empire, grave responsibility yet no reproach.

Now see the famine stalk over the land and the countries near. See those brothers come starving and begging for bread. Now the dreams come true. They bow, they do obeisance. A good time for revenge and retaliation! But he had learned to conquer self as well as outward foes and we weep with him as he reveals himself to them and forgives and sends them home after the old father who had mourned him as dead.

Another young man, Paul of Tarsus, was also a dreamer. He was on a strange journey and saw a light, a face, and heard a voice that caused him to leave all he had been and all he had planned, that led him to pour out his life among perils and dangers for a cause he had hated and despised.

Listen as he shouts his final victory: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecutions, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

And one other youth, still, declares to all like you going out not knowing whither you are going: "In the world ye shall have tribulation. Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world" —and so may you.

I want you to know

III. The Romance of the Discoveries in Christ.

One of the most popular books of the year, perhaps the very best seller, is Bruce Barton's "The Man that Nobody Knows." What an indictment of twenty centuries of Christian history! What a reflection on Christian America! What an imputation on the fifty or sixty millions of church members who recite His creed, bow at His altars and partake of His sacraments!

"The Man that Nobody Knows"—it is a tremendous exaggeration. It is true that many like those first disciples are so stupid and slow of heart that He cannot speak unto them all that He has in mind to reveal, but in a sense, that is an inducement to a closer walk

and intimacy with Him, and that will be our eternal joy to have Him unfold more and more His heart and love and truth.

In a grand sense the highlands of His deity, His truth, His ideals and purposes, His profound self-sacrifice and unselfishness, will be the heights we are to climb and the upper regions where we will make our glorious discoveries of Him. Our duty now, and our privilege, is to pray the prayer of St. Paul—"That I may know Him"—in the beauty of His holiness, in the fullness of His grace, in the power of His Spirit. Then every day will be a new peak of experience and all the thrill of spiritual adventure will be ours.

There is no reason why we should not be numbered with those who are able to call Him Lord, as well as Christ; no excuse for us if we stand at the foot of the Mount, instead of ascending it with Peter and James and John to see Him radiant with heavenly glory and all transfigured before them. One great Romance

of Discovery I trust will be withheld from you for many years—The Romance of Death.

Charles Frohman, when the *Lusitania* was sinking off the Irish Coast, said to his near companions "The greatest adventure of life is death."

"Oh the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight,
Sweet fields arrayed in living green
And rivers of delight."

We are greatly bereaved as a University today. Senator Willis, the son of our pride, was reaching every elevation that daring spirit and ability could hope. Educational, legislative, political summits, summits where the glory of power and the glory of high service invited. Just as his feet were about to walk the highest places he was diverted from his pursuit of the earthly and his eye caught the sheen of the sea of glass, the glint of the gates of pearl and the glory of the great white throne. The Romance of Death was his and he is at home with God.

Mounting a Throne

Mounting a Throne

II. Chronicles 9:18—"And there were six steps to the throne."

ALTHOUGH we have swept on past the monarchal idea of government—the exaltation of one individual by the accident of birth and blood to have dominion over his fellows—yet the symbol of all high attainment, acquisition of authority, power, and privilege will forever be a throne. Low is the mind, unstirred the soul, that does not aspire. To be satisfied with anything less than the utmost possible to our times and talents is to prove one's self unworthy of the gift of life and unfit for its opportunities. Ambition in its original meaning, the solicitation of votes for election to office, is not a virtue. To reach for a crown undeserved and unwon is to deserve

a Cæsar's failure and overthrow. But to wear one merited and achieved by personal conquest in a royal fight, in a hot race, is right and laudable.

Solomon early learned the lesson, which every young man and woman should learn, that he could not get up in life without climbing. He, therefore, resolved, to build a throne for himself, a high throne made of ivory and gold, surrounded by lions, the symbol of strength and courage. A throne reached by six steps, each to be taken one by one starting at the bottom and not all at a single leap. The whole figure is so noble and inspiring that I use it this morning for the basis of our thinking.

I take it that all thrones worthy of being sat upon are reached by six steps:

1. INHERITANCE. Egotism is not a step. We are not self-sufficient nor independent in any sense whatever. Every man is debtor to the past and to the whole past.

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Its every contribution has been made for him. The tree owes its greatness and beauty not so much to branches and leaves and sunshine, as to roots—its best self, perhaps, is under ground. The Mississippi is lordly at New Orleans, when it is ready to be wedded to the great gulf, but you must ascend it a thousand or two thousand miles, and see the tributaries, the Red, the Arkansas, the Ohio, the Missouri, etc., to learn the secret of its greatness. These are the steps to its throne.

Solomon is great and climbs high and builds greatly and wins undying fame because David was his father and back of him is an unbroken line of brains and character reaching to distant Abraham. Science declares that "heredity is the chief maker of men." Blood counts. The fortune teller does not need to know the future; all he is required to know is one's past. The future is bound up in the past as the flower is bound up in the bud. St. Paul could declare, "where is boasting?" There is little

room for it. If we would pay proper tribute to our ancestors, there would be little room left for self pride. "I am debtor," cried the great Apostle, "both to the Greeks and the barbarians; both to the wise and the unwise." All that had preceded him had helped to make him great. We ought to be the best the ages have produced since all minds, and all hands, and all lives, have thought, and toiled, and lived for us.

II. The second step to a throne is RELIGION. Infidelity is not a step. Doubt paralyzes all powers, quenches all fears, flinches under all tests, disappoints all expectations, and its sun always goes down in defeat. The faith, the confidence that God is, and that He is on the side of those who trust Him has been the secret of all greatness. The first move of the young King Solomon is toward Gibeon. His dying father had said to him, "And thou, Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve Him with a perfect heart and

with a willing mind," and he obeyed this injunction, and we find him at Gibeon where the ancient tent of worship was set up and the altar of God could be found. There, in the vision of the night, God appeared unto him and said unto him, "Ask what I shall give thee." How easy it would have been to have slipped in this great crisis, but the heart of Solomon was religiously warm and instead of asking for riches, wealth, honour and victories over his enemies, or for long life, he asked for wisdom, and the Book tells us that the fear of the Lord is the very beginning of wisdom. In asking for God's greatest gift he secured all the rest. This is the injunction of the Master Himself; he said, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and all these other secondary things shall be added. I think, perhaps, our greatest trouble today is in getting a real conception of religion. It has meant so much in the past of what was distasteful or disgusting that many have con-

cluded that they do not want it or do not need it. Frequently, it has meant mere cant. Speaking religion in a religious tone, with a religious look, while the heart was far from God and the practices of life belied all the expressions of the lips. The long years have been stained by the deeds of those who made religion a mere synonym for bigotry. They were ready to fight even unto death for a name or a form, when the beautiful life which it signifies was neither felt nor enjoyed. True religion is union with God, it is sharing His life, His love, His spirit, His purposes and His work, and this certainly is the greatest privilege that man can dream of. I am sure if we could make our religion attractive and practical, if we could express it in character, in reverence, in high principles of conduct, in splendid service to our fellows, the world would have a new respect for religion and it would take its place as a fundamental step in mounting to any throne of dignity and of power.

III. The third step in mounting a throne is EDUCATION. Ignorance is not a step to power. The lack of knowledge, feeble information of facts, undeveloped minds and untrained powers doom men to stay on the dead level of existence. Solomon was no lazy lout and no one needs to expect a throne who is one. What chance has a man to become President of the United States without education? Nineteen of the twenty-nine have been college graduates. Seven of the remaining ten were lawyers with fine education, leaving only three out of the whole number to reach this great distinction by the accident of death or otherwise. The Supreme Court of the United States pays a still higher tribute to learning. In Who's Who, the selected list of America's great, one in twelve is a preacher's child. In the Temple of Fame in New York City, ten of the first fifty-one names chosen were the children of the parsonage. A tribute to the educated home. Thrones are held not by

favourites, but by competents, by those who have power to climb. College years are the best years. Don't begrudge these that you have spent here. We must think of Solomon as the educated man. The Bible declares "he was wiser than all men." He spoke three thousand proverbs and thought out the wisdom of the most of them. He wrote one thousand and five songs—something of a poet! He spoke of trees, he was a botanist; of beasts, he was a zoologist; of fowls, he was an ornithologist; of creeping things, he was an entomologist; of fishes, he was an ichthyologist. Above all, he knew men and human nature. Dormant powers are lost powers. The one talent buried has no more significance than if it had never existed. The extent of your usefulness will be in direct ratio to your disciplined faculties and your genuine education.

IV. The fourth step to a throne is RESPONSIBILITY. Ease is not a step. Many have the foolish notion that a high position is a snap.

The ditch-digger is jealous of the teacher or the preacher and believes that they are parasites and live without working. To be a king and sit upon a throne and wear purple and exercise authority may seem to the common man but a bit of fun and favouritism affording the bliss of indolence. How to shirk is the aim of too many. Their ambition is not how to get under the load, but how to shift it. Not how to pull, but how to ride. What they are eager for is not the responsibility of a task, but the glory of a task. Few really know that their task is their throne and that if they would hold their throne and fill it with honour, they must be consumed with enthusiasm and devotion to their task. We scarcely ever have more than one Ex-President of the United States living at one time. The job is a man-killer. The problem of state, the effort to solve the perplexities of a great nation, eat out the very vitality of the strongest. This is the burden of Solomon's mind; he is not thinking of ban-

quets and crowns and the obeisance of the people—he is thinking of his responsibility that justice might reign, that peace might prevail, and that the welfare of the people might be conserved. "That I may go out and come in before this people; for who can judge this Thy people, that is so great." If you could ask the kings and queens of the earth how they enjoyed their position, I think the answer would be, "It is a hard job." You young people are coming to the task of life, make it your throne. Only as it consumes all your ability and strength and time, will you really reign.

V. The fifth step to the throne is DETERMINATION. Indecision is not a step. Study every case of success and this will be found to be its secret—undauntedness. To complete His work, Jesus learned it must climax upon a Cross—in the drinking of a bitter cup; but we read that "He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem." What will, what fixedness of purpose, is revealed in His character. "We

will fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer," said General Grant, and from that minute the nation knew that they had a man, not for parade or for strut in gold lace, but for heroic endeavour, and he fought it out and won. "None of these things move me," said the great Apostle, when his friends would overwhelm him with their tears and fears for his safety. Whatever the cost, even life itself, he was ready to go to Jerusalem and do duty. How strong Luther proves himself at the Diet of Worms, unabashed by the presence of King and of prelates, the powers both civil and religious, when he declares—"Here I stand, I can do no other."

There is a peculiar thrill in the promise of God given to the determined and resolute:—"To him that overcometh" will I give a throne, and a new name, and right to sit and share the glory of the eternal. Solomon determined not to be diverted nor to be turned aside. He had a north star in his firmament of will,

and kept a strong hand upon the helm that guided his ship to its destiny. "Therefore, my beloved, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as you know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

VI. The last step and the crowning step to a throne is UNSELFISHNESS. Self love is not a step to a throne. All the steps of selfishness lead downward and end in ruin. Self-interest, self-indulgence, self-gratification, self-exaltation, all spell defeat. Every glaring failure in history proves this. Benedict Arnold loved his own appetites and ambitions more than his country and went out like the star in the darkness of the night. Aaron Burr was willing to sacrifice every high thought, every memory of noble ancestry, every appeal of loyalty to country, that he might have his own way in satisfying his own lusts for power and position. What a fearful retribution overtook Judas. He was sordid, self-centred, unsympathetic

with the mission and purpose of his Master and for thirty pieces of silver he was willing to sacrifice his Lord and forfeit his right not only to life, but to the most splendid opportunity that a life ever offered. And so we might draw the picture of a multitude of defeated souls, Absalom, and Esau, down to Satan himself, who would rather reign in hell than be obedient in Heaven. On the other hand, the last and the highest step to a throne and of undimmed distinction and glory in the history of many has been unselfishness. Solomon could declare, "Give me wisdom not for my sake, but for the people's sake." Jesus declared in the midst of His aspiring and worldly-minded disciples, "For even the son of man is come not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for the many." The finest tribute ever paid to a victor was that spoken by the Jews in their derision of the dying Christ on the Cross, "He saved others, Himself He cannot save."

Are you seeking to save yourselves the burdens, the sorrows, the woes of humanity, with which you are now to mingle and which you are to serve, then you are lost. But if in great-heartedness, you take this last step and become self-abandoned and give yourself fully in sympathy and ministry to your fellows, you will find your cross has become a throne of gold and a throne of love.

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord
Answer'd, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great awakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

Facing a Glorious Future

Facing a Glorious Future

TEXT: Revelation 21:2—"And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."

THE book of Revelation—full of symbols, visions, glories, and mysteries—properly stands at the close of the Christian Scriptures. These 66 books, cumulative in instruction, in interest, in beauty, rise like a pyramid to this sublime apex. This great library of inspiration—revealing the will and word and work and love of God toward men,—ends not in a wail of despair nor in a dirge of defeat, but in a pæan of victory and in a shout of triumph. After all the ages of toiling and suffering and fighting, at last the right is diademed, Satan is chained, pain and death are vanquished, a great white throne towers

supreme, the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ, while a city, golden, holy, radiant, typifying a new humanity, comes down from God out of heaven to fill the earth. We bless God for the vision, for the optimistic outlook for the race, for this book which flashes and flames with hope and courage for our kind, and tells us that we are facing a glorious future, and that it is our happy privilege,—the privilege of every one of these graduates,—to help realize that fact and make it certain.

The old conception was that we should go to heaven. We were taught to sing it when we were young, "I want to be an angel and with the angels stand, A crown upon my forehead and a harp within my hand," and even today they sing some solemn gush like this, "I want to be there, I mean to be there, I expect to be there; don't you?" Well, perhaps, someday after 50 years or more, I shall be willing to go there; but the new conception

that is regnant today is that heaven should come to us. Once the idea was of a heaven afar off, buried in the heart of some burning sun or star. The idea of today is the idea of Jesus, the kingdom of heaven is within you. Our duty is not so much to get to heaven as to see that heaven gets to men. The earthly Jerusalem, fifty centuries old, in its best day was filled with foulness, narrow streets, darkness, hunger, and misery. Just today are they planning a system of sewers, electric lights and water supply for this city of the ages. The earthly Jerusalem is the type of the humanity that the world has had, a humanity foul with sin, narrow in bigotry and prejudice, dark from ignorance and moral blindness, hungry for the truth, yet unsatisfied, and miserable beyond the power of any fathoming line to determine the depths of its wretchedness. But the vision of the text is of a new Jerusalem, speaking of a new humanity, in which purity will take the place of foulness,

breadth will exist instead of narrowness, light will disperse the darkness, satisfaction will delight instead of hunger, and happiness will reign supreme in the human heart instead of misery. Let us not suppose that the change is to be effected in any easy manner. It is a stupendous task to transform even an earthly city like Jerusalem and make it sanitary and sweet and worth living in; and so, to build a new humanity that shall be rich in all the qualities of mind and heart and spirit, is a task of great dimensions; and yet this work belongs to these graduates. We give them something stupendous for their powers, the glorious task of building a heaven, walls of the jasper and precious stones of character, golden streets built of the gold of personal honesty, of absolute truth, a city in which the inhabitants shall not lie nor steal nor murder nor hate; for nothing shall enter into it that in any way defileth.

The first thought of the text then is

I. The Eradication of Evil.

"The world is very evil," sang St. Bernard, as he fought in the darkness of the mediæval ages. And it was so. For the centuries and the millenniums, the tares have disputed the ground with the wheat. "Right forever on the scaffold," sings the poet, while wrong defiantly and seemingly undisturbed holds the throne. All the way down through nature the curse seems to have gone. Tusk and fang and sting and claw have armed the savage beasts one against the other, while even the soil has brought forth abundantly the thistle and brier and thorn. In fact, it is utterly inconceivable of what distorted and depraved man is capable; what lust, tyranny, treachery, cruelty, avarice, greed, diabolism has he been guilty of! Literally, he has been the child of the devil. But the new Jerusalem as seen by St. John is a holy city. The new humanity which it portrays is to be a holy humanity. Evil is to be eradicated. The tares are to be

burned. Right is to mount the throne. The dream of the prophet is to be realized when he saw the lamb lying down with the wolf, the kid peacefully eating with the leopard, while the little child with arm around the mane of the lion led him; when instead of the thorn came up the fir tree, instead of the brier the myrtle tree; when the very hills and mountains broke forth into singing at the marvellous transformation, and all the trees of the field clapped their hands in joy.

Let us believe this book this morning when it sees the future of our race and declares, "There shall be no more curse." It is the business of these young men and women and this graduating class to see that the curse is removed. The curse of war, "It shall come to pass in the last days that they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks and they shall learn war no more." It is not hard to believe this today when diplomacy and arbitration and the

spirit of goodwill fill the earth and make it an absolute crime for a nation to war on its fellows until every expedient has been exhausted. To remove the curse of plagues. What devastations once ruled in the world through cholera, smallpox, yellow fever, malarial fever, cancer, and so on. You are to make it absolutely impossible for these things to exist in the new earth with its new humanity. Panama, once the pest hole of the earth, has been turned into a summer resort by other graduates like you. I picked up in the office of Dr. Crile the other day a little book written by him in which he described a horrible form of cancer invading the human larynx; he declared that he had operated for this dread horror 27 times and that 25 of the 27 had recovered health. And so will pass one by one the ills that have blighted the race physically, mentally and morally. The reign of poverty will come to an end. Right will take the place of might and human hate and ill will

will vanish in the golden era that is just before us and which you are to make possible.

> "Then let us pray that come it may—
> As come it will for a' that—
> That sense and worth o'er all the earth
> May bear the gree and a' that
> For a' that and a' that
> It's comin' yet for a' that
> That man to man the warld o'er
> Shall brothers be for a' that!"

The second thought of the text is

II. That all this Transition is in Process Now.

And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down, not in some great future day, but while he looked it was descending. God has no watchful waiting policy in bringing about the fulfilment of his plans, but an earnest, energetic policy, an active aggressive policy, a divine determination policy. The glorious consummation is in process; every day is a better day and a brighter day; every evening the goal is a little nearer.

"Love," said the poet, "took up the glass of time—And held it in his glowing hands,
Every moment lightly shaken, Ran itself in golden sands."

In the misery and poverty and squalor and sadness of the race, the moments have run leaden; but by and by, all time, sweet and beautiful, is to run golden.

"Love took up the harp of life and smote on all its chords with might,
Smote the chord of self that, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

What a day when selfishness, the tap root of all human evil, shall have turned into music and vanished forever.

"For I doubt not through the ages one unceasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

The supreme sin of the past in man, has been littleness; the supreme glory in man in the future is to be broadness and greatness. In the old Jerusalem the gates were barred and

locked and guarded, so that it was difficult to enter, and the belated traveller had to remain outside at night time; but in the new Jerusalem the gates, three of them on every side, will be open day and night,—for there shall be no night there,—it means that the new humanity is to welcome the truth and all knowledge that will give it sweep of vision and breadth of intellect and richness of information! Widened thoughts! Widened lives! Widened sympathies! Until each shall be able to see the good in all, and each shall appreciate his brother's worth. God is getting ready great citizens for his great city, men and women who shall be clothed in the white of stainless lives, who shall wear the golden girdles of unimpeachable integrity, who shall wave the palm branches of uninterrupted victory, and who shall constitute such a society that God shall dwell among them and be their God and they shall be his people.

The last thought of the text is

III. The Location of the City.

Where in all the earth is this new Jerusalem to be located? I know where the old Jerusalem is, perched on its four mountain tops, surrounded by great ravines; there is little room for an extended population. I know the traditions and beliefs of some who think that a returning Christ is to convert this little city into the heavenly city, as the capital of his abiding kingdom; but I believe it is not there that the city will be located. I know where Constantinople is, the capital of Turkey, situated like a queen upon the banks of the mighty Bosporus, cleft in twain by the golden horn but the holy city is not to be there. I know where Rome is; on her seven hills she has been for long the mistress of the world, mistress once politically, now historically, of the earth; but it is not there. I know where London is, great throbbing heart of the mightiest empire on the earth, seven millions of men on the banks of the Thames, but it is

not there. I know where New York is, great metropolis of a western hemisphere; the mighty sea and the beautiful bays and the deep rivers all conspire to make her situation enviable and unsurpassed; but the new Jerusalem is not to be there.

Oh what a thought that it is to be built on your hearts and in your lives. If there are any deep abiding foundations for its glory, they must rest in you; if there is any gold, untarnished gold, it must be in your principles and actions. The situation of this city is in the hearts of men, and in these graduates must rise the great white throne where a God of law and authority and love shall reign and receive absolute obedience. In you shall be the light, not of the sun nor of the moon nor of the stars, but the light of the Lamb of God. In you must be the river flowing pure and crystal which is the Holy Spirit, bringing beauty and fruitage and flowers as it shall flow through you. In you are to be the songs

of Moses and of the Lamb and of gladness that shall make the world full of cheer. You are to be the men as tall as angels, for John looked upon his guide with the spirit of worship, who seemed so tall and lofty and beautiful, but was told to worship him not, for he was one of his brethren.

The Millennium! We have heard of it all our lives, a great period when the reign of Christ shall be supreme in the earth; and they have always put its beginning in the hazy future, but I tell you, it has begun now. It begins when a great soul sings as you have been singing through these college years,

"True hearted, whole hearted, Saviour all glorious,
Take thy great power and rule thou alone,
Over our wills and affections victorious,
Freely surrendered and wholly thine own."

The Millennium began with Paul when, prostrate upon the Damascus Road, he saw the face of his Christ and cried, "Lord, what wilt

thou have me to do?" It will begin with you when you too shall cry from an honest heart, "Lord, what will you have me to do?"

God's Requirements of Man

God's Requirements of Man

TEXT: Micah 6:8—"He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

I HAVE selected the most significant and striking utterance of the old Testament for the text for the morning. Nearly twenty-seven centuries ago Israel in perplexity amid backsliding idolatries, seeking how she might return to God, cried: "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord and bow myself before the high God. Shall I come before Him with burnt offerings, with calves a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousand rivers of oil? Shall I give my first born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?"

Then the prophet of God appeared before them with the answer: "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good, etc." Truth never dies or becomes obsolete. It holds good in every age and among every people and Micah is pleading with men and nations today, as in the past, for the life that can and will meet the requirements of God. For the possession by each one of the essence of religion, which is obedience to God. We have come today to your last Sunday in Ada, to learn the final lesson of your course, and to learn it from this Divine Book. Facing the future is a solemn and sobering experience. Henceforth youthful escapades and irresponsibilities are taboo. Among the Romans, the youth and the man wore a different dress, and when the youth became a man, he assumed the manly toga. However lofty and protected the eagle's nest, and however faithful the mother bird to her young, the time always comes when the nest is destroyed and the little eaglets are pushed

over the brink of the precipice to learn to use their wings. St. Paul, likewise, pleads for maturity when he declares: "When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things." Today ends preparation, dependency, and adolescence. Tomorrow will begin career, self-dependency and manhood. Today fancies and dreams must conclude. Tomorrow the plans, purposes and principles of life must begin to function. May it indeed be a glad tomorrow for each of you.

It is a great day when a man comes to a throne! To the throne of position, power and possibility. Others have ruled, held the sceptre, given the word of decision and action, but they must abdicate—as the winter abdicates to make way for spring, as the old leaves vacate the bows for those that are pushing to take their places. New potentates, personalities and policies must reign in their stead.

Wonderful this study of generations! The whole history of men reads like this verse in First Kings: "And Solomon slept with his fathers, and was buried in the city of David his father; and Rehoboam his son reigned in his stead." There is an endless chain of successive life, opportunity, and obligation, and we belong to the succession. It is a great honour to say, "David was my father," "Solomon was my father," it is a great disgrace to say "Rehoboam, the colossal egotist and failure, is my son." If the generations shall mean degenerations, it would be better if some men had never been born. It is natural for the day to brighten into the brilliancy of noontide, for the river to widen from insignificant beginnings to the broad expanse in its lower course.

"For humanity sweeps onward: (thank God for that)
where today the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his
hands;
Far in front the Cross stands ready and the crackling
fagots burn,

While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn."

We must outstrip our fathers, stand as it were on their shoulders. We must be progressive, accumulative, and climacteric in vision and attitude. We must be bigger, better, wiser, and more useful than those who have preceded us. Alas, when Solomon is noted for his wisdom, and Rehoboam his son for folly; when Napoleon the first is called "the Great" and Napoleon the third is called "the Little." I saw the new ruler of America in the presence of many thousands bow with reverence and kiss this passage of Scripture, which we use as a text, and adopt it as the spiritual slogan of his administration, and I want you in reverence to bow your heads and hearts this morning and kiss it as the spiritual slogan of your coming life.

The text suggests three studies:

I. A Study of Relations.

Doctor Einstein is gaining great distinction and winning immense renown as the propounder of a new doctrine of relativity. I will not attempt to explain his theory. It is stated that only twelve men in the world understand it and I am not one of the twelve. It is claimed that it is as intricate as an income tax blank. We only know in general that some way it modifies Newton's theory of gravitation and Euclid's geometry. However, there is a doctrine of relativity more vital than the relativity of worlds and this doctrine is so clear and distinct in its teaching and demands that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. "What does the Lord require of thee?" Why should he require anything, someone will say. I have nothing to do with Him. I do not know Him, nor obey Him, nor serve Him, nor love Him. I am a law to myself. Indeed! Do you ignore gravitation or time? You cannot any more rule God out

of your life than you can rule the sun out of the heavens—"For all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." To do whether we will or not. "For in Him we live and move and have our being." The Jews did not wish to recognize the Roman Empire and yet they sought to entrap Jesus on this very point of his loyalty to that empire. They said, "Is it lawful to pay tribute unto Cæsar?" He gave them that notable answer which establishes man's relationship to earth as well as heaven, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's." There is nothing more valuable than our conscious recognition of our relationships in the world. First to God. He demands character, the spirit of reverence and worship. The standards of righteousness which he has dictated for the regulation of man's conduct. Second, we must mark well our relation to Cæsar. We are citizens of a great, mighty republic.

That citizenship is a great responsibility as well as privilege. We must love this country, stand by and for this country, and be a wholesome example to all of what a real genuine American should be in spirit and in deed. Third, we are related to men. We are to learn that service spells the largest part of life. We are not to do our fellows, but to do for them. Someone has said that we are not here to make a living but a life. To make a living is the lowest conception of human existence. To make a life, fit and worthy, is a higher conception of why we are here. But Jesus Christ gives us a sublime view when He makes the glory of living the privilege of losing our lives in service for the uplift of others. Lose it like the flower in exhaling its fragrance and displaying its beauty and wasting its vitality until it is withered and dead. Lose it like the sun in giving out the very light and warmth and power of its heart to beautify the universe. To lose it like the hero in the flame

of battle for the survival of home and flag and nation.

II. A Study of Requirements.

"What doth the Lord require of thee?" He does require! Let us get the specifications, the blueprints, early and quickly, and oh, how clear and reasonable they seem.

> "How gentle God's commands,
> How kind his precepts are
> Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
> And trust his constant care."

The first requirement is that we do justly. "Jus" the old Latin word for right lies at the heart of the Divine demands. God wants us to do right. Our soul is to be a court and we are to sit as a judge and see that nothing passes that bar but what conforms to righteousness. We are to hate wrong of every kind—oppression, usury, profiteering, the wrong of capital, the wrong of labour. We are to stand like a rock for justice and honesty, and truth, and purity and fair play—for all

the category of virtues that constitute righteousness. Isn't that fine! And we can do it, and we must to please Him!

The second requirement is to love mercy. Pity was absent in the ancient world. They slew or enslaved all prisoners. No asylums existed for the unfortunate. There was no attempt to banish pain or misery. Might was right, and the helpless and poor and innocent suffered without redress. But God is a God of pity—"His mercy endureth forever." His compassion is stirred at the sin, sorrow and suffering of men. To please Him we must be like Him. We must learn to forgive, to relieve and to succour.

The third requirement is to walk humbly with thy God. To walk with God! Is that not superlative privilege? It means to have His friendship, His love, His cheer. Surely in the presence of the Divine One no conceit nor self-sufficiency could be possible. "What doth the Lord require of thee? Not rams,

not rivers of oil, nor the firstborn, nor the fruit of the body, what He requires is you—made right, loving and humble.

III. A Study of Failures.

I wonder if in all the history of the race there is a sadder chapter than that which records its failures? Can you imagine that such a beautiful, holy appeal could fall on deaf ears? Yet Micah saw Israel after all these admonitions, transported to Assyria never to be heard of again, and, but a little later, Judah hung her harps in captivity upon the willows of Babylon. Say what you will, moral blindness is a great mystery and the curse of the ages. Dig down to the root of every withered tree, search every Eden for its serpent, look behind the scenes of every dark tragedy, whether of men or of nations, and you will find the one great cause of overthrow in moral obliquity—the refusal to comply with this text. In the light of time and eternity, I can conceive no disaster so terrible as soul failure.

I can think of these graduates as failing in health, in business, in career, but I shut my eyes when I picture one of them a Samson, a captive to his foes, blind and forsaken, pulling down the temple of life in his own destruction. Oh, great failures! I charge you with being great sinners. Belshazzar, in the midst of revelry and debauchery, sees the handwriting on the wall, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." Judas, more in love with silver than with the Saviour, sells his Lord and then in ignominy hangs himself. Napoleon, concerning whom Hugo said, "He had that in him which gazed like the eagle and struck like the thunderbolt," sublime in genius and gifts, yet cruel and wanton, to perish at last as the enemy of humanity. Kaiser Wilhelm, warlord of a world power, exalted to Heaven like a Lucifer, yet banished to exile and the sorrow of the damned, to drink forever the dregs of the endless cup of bitterness. God showed them what was

good but they would not have it. He revealed his requirements unto them, but they would not meet them.

Oh, men and women of this graduating class of the Ohio Northern University, beware! beware!!

"Careless seems the Great Avenger, history's pages but record
One death grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word.
Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future
And behind the dim unknown standeth God within the shadows,
Keeping watch above His Own."

The Higher Education

The Higher Education

TEXT: Matthew 11: 29— "Learn of Me."

I AM here this morning to exhort you to further education. This is rightly called a Commencement. Just the beginning of life's real training. In one sense you cannot graduate. Today you enter the university of hard knocks with experience as a teacher, and high tuition to be paid in tears and disappointments; with the same markings that are given for university work. Some Ex's, some G's, some F's. I am here to urge you to think upon a post-graduate course that is voluntary, that shall require not three or four years, but all the years. I desire to recommend not Yale, or Harvard, or Columbia, or Chicago, but the school of Christ; that you sit not at the feet

of some noted specialist in Psychology, or History, or Political Science or some other high-sounding subject, but at the feet of Christ, the great Master in soul values and true success.

All you have learned so far is rudimental—a mere bread and butter education. You have paid for it in money and you intend to use it to make money and to make a living. To make a life, however, much more is needed than Liberal Arts, or Engineering, or Law, or Pharmacy. You will need to accept the invitation of the text: "Learn of Me."

A great judge has called this a period of peculiar perils for youth. It is your lot to have come to the kingdom at a most difficult and testing time. If you win, you will win greatly, but if you lose, the disaster to home, and church, and state, and the future will be immense and immeasurable.

You have spent your formative days during a great war, full of atrocity and hate. You

have seen eight years of its aftermath of rancour, suspicion and irreconciliation. You have been subject to all the emotional appeal of jazz—that jerk and jumble, that discord and disgust, that insanity and diabolism of music. The appeal also has been from the automobile, multiplied beyond reason and devoted more to pleasure and evil than to legitimate business. Its power and swiftness have made it enticing not only to the joy rider, but the ready instrument of the criminal. All the impact of the sensuous movie is on your age with its suggestion and looseness, its caricature of true love, and the true home and true religion, making it the paramount curse of our time. You have been confronted and confused by all the controversies concerning science, and evolution and religion. You will need a strong hand and a trusted leader to bring you to destiny and to God. I offer you such in the text.

There is no question about the credentials

of Jesus Christ as a world teacher. The little foothills can have no jealousy of the radiant, towering mountain peak. And He is loftiness itself. The most glorious and brilliant stars of the morning hide their faces in the rising sun, and He is "the sun of righteousness," that has risen on this darkened world. Supremacy belongs to Jesus, so says Ghandi, the spiritual leader of three hundred million Hindus. Reading the Sermon on the Mount to his countrymen, he said, "This is what India needs to save her." Rabbi Wise says that the Jewish race cannot ignore Jesus Christ and His great teachings. A celebrated Indian artist who had painted many great themes, was asked to paint his ideal of Jesus and he said, "I shall attempt his face."

Entering this school of Christ, I think you will learn of Him three great lessons:

I. What Life Truly is.

The tragedy of life is that the vast majority never catch its significance. Its only mean-

ing to the overwhelming mass is self-indulgence.

First, Physical Gratification. "What shall we eat, and drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" What an age long fight this is to satisfy stomach and back! What a slavery men are in to the very least and lowest things of existence!

Second, Mental gratification expressed in the pride of possession, or of power, or of position. What a vain animal man is after all. He loves to think of himself as sitting on a little throne and wielding a little sceptre, to which other folks inferior to himself must bow and kiss. He delights to think of himself as having outrun and outdistanced his fellows financially or politically or even religiously. Moses' seat still has a charm in the synagogue. To many, life is only a chain of days, a dull routine, an awful ennui, and last of all, a keen disappointment. Even Shakespeare gives us a grotesque picture of it:

"All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages—
Infant, School boy, Lover,
Soldier, Justice. The lean and
Slipper'd pantaloon age"

Culminating in the

". . . last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

Not so do we learn of Jesus. With him earthly possessions are nothing. He had nothing to give at the end but His peace, and the Roman soldiers had nothing to gamble over but a simple, seamless robe. There was no pride of power in Him. "My kingdom," said He, "is not of this world." Just two things He teaches us comprise the full significance of life—first, surrender to the will of God. "My meat and My drink is to do the will of Him who sent Me." Second, sur-

render to the need of man. His days and His powers were spent in going about doing good and He came not "to be ministered to but to minister and to give Himself a ransom for many."

The second great lesson you will learn of Christ is not only the real significance of life, but

II. What are Life's High Ideals?

Idealism is decried by many as the rioting of imagination. The dreams of a visionary, impossible and unattainable goals set in human affairs. Thus David Harum and many other shrewd business men wink at the practical side of the Golden Rule and quote it in their own way, "Whatsoever the other feller would do unto you, do ye unto him and do it fust." Thus the militarist smiles at the exhortation of Jesus about turning the other cheek when smitten on the first. All selfishness winces and writhes under the interdictions and prohibitions of the Sermon on the

Mount—"Too advanced, too advanced!" is the reply. Jesus was in revolt against the most of His day because the most of His day was humbug and hypocrisy, and for the same reason, He would be against this day. Look at these great ideals of His:

First: Worldliness. He put little accent on things. He declared that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things. His emphasis is on spirit, character, riches of virtue, the future, the things above, and the worldling in reply, says, "Ha, Ha!"

Second. Personal Purity. He teaches that we are to purge ourselves of every evil. "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out." "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." It is better to enter life maimed than to enter into hell whole.

Third. Social Conscience. Leon Tolstoy, reared in the Christian faith, and then for thirty-five years a nihilist, was finally won back to the Christian faith by those won-

derful utterances of Jesus found in the Sermon on the Mount. "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not commit adultery," "Thou shalt not give a bill of divorcement," "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," "Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy," laws of Moses, were recast, or reversed by His divine authority and filled with right meaning. Tolstoy believed that the world can never be saved from its folly until society had absolutely come, in its self-adjustment, to obey literally the great commands of Jesus.

Fourth. Genuine Life. "By their fruits ye shall know them," "Men do not gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles." Good can only come from good, tree and life alike must be good to bear the right kind of fruit. A genuine life is known also by its foundations. It will be tested terribly by the rains that descend and the floods that come and by the winds of adversity that blow, and

if built upon the sand its overthrow is sure, but if built upon the rock, its security is certain.

Fifth. Religious Sincerity. Nothing stirred His indignation and wrath more than the religious shams of His day. He took no stock in tinkling bells, and long robes, and the sounding of horns of religious pretence. "Not profession, but practice," is the criterion of His religion. Not form but life. Prayer is not to be mere words or posture, but communion with God. Fasting is not sackcloth and ashes on the outward man, but on the inward soul. Tithing is not a tenth of mint and anise and cumin, but the soul's real recognition in its substance of God's ownership and partnership in the things of life.

You will learn of this great Teacher not only what is the true significance of life, not only what are its high ideals, but

III. What are its Abiding Forces.

After countless experiments men have learned that not only "reputation" but nearly

all the ardent desires of men are "bubbles." He sits deluded at life's feast finding that its fruit is mostly apples of Sodom. Chagrin, regret and disappointment end many careers. Wolsey, the great Cardinal and Prime Minister of Henry VIII, cried in his remorse, "Oh, Cromwell, had I served my God with half the zeal I served my King, He would not in my age, have left me naked to mine enemies." Jesus teaches the realities and substantials, the everlastings, and they are all to be found in the life that He inspires and builds.

First: Love, that spark of Heaven, that holy passion, which is the sunshine of the soul if turned outward in beautiful ministry; but turned inward, becoming self-love, curses and corrodes the spirit. Well did Wolsey say again to Cromwell, "Love thyself last." Love is the fire that melts all opposition; love is the magnet that draws all that is best to us, beautiful in the savage beast fawning over its young, glorious in the mother in her never

failing fidelity, and divine in God. "And now abideth faith, hope, love and the greatest of these is love."

Second: Righteousness is the chief of life's abiding forces as taught by Jesus. If love is the sunshine of the spirit, then righteousness is the rough and unyielding granite of the hills of character. It is one of the chief attributes of Deity. "Not having mine own righteousness," says Paul, "but the righteousness which is of God." It is the essence of His kingdom, "For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." It is to be our first seeking, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness" and our final crown is not to be one of gold, "but the crown of righteousness, which God, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day and not unto me only, but to all that love His appearing." And, last of all the abiding forces that Jesus teaches shall belong to life, is victory.

Not something achieved out there on the battlefield with sword in hand, but something inside. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith." Faith, purpose, loyalty, linked with a divine hope, are the trinity of abiding virtues that put victory in the soul. Victory transmutes all poverty, obscurity, and opposition of life, into success. It converts the paradoxes and contradiction, into character and power, "When I am weak, then am I strong," "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted," "He that loseth his life shall find it." "Take my yoke upon you and learn of Me for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

The Task of the Generations

The Task of the Generations

TEXT: 2 Tim. 2:2—"And the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also."

I HAVE spent the month of May in the magnificent city of Springfield, Mass., a city noted as having the greatest United States arsenal, where the famous Springfield rifle has been manufactured for years; noted also as the home of Webster's International Dictionary. Here came the pioneers within sixteen years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. Everywhere in Springfield, I noted the word "Pynchon." "Pynchon Street," "Pynchon Hotel," and, spanning the great river, is the most wonderful concrete bridge with four lofty towers, on each of which is a tablet of brass celebrating the fact

that sturdy old William Pynchon, straight from Plymouth, began to conquer the wilderness in 1636, left the task after a valiant life to his son, John Pynchon, and since his day eight other generations of worthy Yankees have wrought to make the present glory and greatness of New England.

One of my earliest memories is of an old bus line running from my native town to Cincinnati, Ohio. The distance was twenty miles. The trip was made in two hours but could not have been made in four hours, if the same horses had been driven the whole distance. But every four miles, they had a relay station where the horses were changed and the changing teams made possible the short and speedy journey.

In the midst of the Roman Forum there was a golden milestone, from which there radiated in every direction the magnificent highways of the Roman Empire. News of battle, of victories, of defeats, of revolutions,

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and of disasters, were born by swift couriers on these roads almost with the speed of modern day communication by means of the relay. Every few miles the horse and the rider were replaced by fresh ones.

After the battle of Marathon, Phidippides, the swift-footed Athenian, bore the news of the victory by running twenty-five miles in four hours shouting to the multitude in the stadium, "Rejoice, we win," and fell dead. If twenty-five swift runners had been stationed along the way where each could have run a mile, the news would have been carried far more quickly and no one would have died from the effort.

This, according to St. Paul, is the meaning of the generations. Time is a relay race. There are many great principles that must be carried down through the ages, many problems too great for any one period to solve, that require the years for their solution. The day of consummation is certain. "One far-off

divine event toward which the whole creation moves"—"When the war-drum will throb no longer, and the battle flags be furled, in the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

Remember it is a "far-off event." There is much work yet to be done. In the year 1,000, they believed that the end of the world had come; sold their possessions, or gave them away, and waited for their ascension. It was a grievous disappointment when nothing happened. In 1844, the Millerites had prepared for the end of things, and again great disappointment came. You don't need to order ascension robes. What is needed is overalls—moral, intellectual, industrial and spiritual overalls.

"We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do and loads to lift,
Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift,
Be strong."

This is the order. Paul, burning and flaming in an undying service for forty years.

Then Timothy, young, strong, fresh, to take up the work where Paul lays it down. Then faithful men, converted and trained under the ministry of Timothy, to bear the cause of Christ, and these faithful men in their turn to teach others and others down to the last generation until the will of God shall be accomplished and the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdom of our Lord and His Christ.

"The things that thou hast heard of me." What things? What things could have enlisted the life and mind and power of such a man as Paul? What things could have induced him to make so great renunciation—people, inherited faith, doubtless father's and mother's love, what could have induced him to consider them all as refuse? What led him to such marvellous consecration, when amid stonings and scourgings and shipwrecks, and perils of every kind, he unfalteringly kept right on—the things of God—great

truths, great principles of righteousness, great problems of human uplift, these were the things that Timothy had heard of him and was to transmit to faithful men and they, in turn, to others.

Hence, the symbol of the relay race has been a torch—a flaming torch! Light to make more beautiful and certain the way for the onward coming of men, and fire to burn up the ignoble and mean things which have no right to exist. No one man can live long enough and is able enough to complete this great work. Moses spent forty years in bringing a great people out of bondage, delivered them from Pharaoh, led them through the Red Sea, brought them to Sinai, sustained them through the deserts, but at last, with task unfinished, he climbs Pisgah and God gives him rest. But a young and wonderful man stands ready to carry on the good work and Joshua becomes his successor.

David, after building an empire, requiring

forty years of herioc effort, drops the task at last, with his work unfinished, and hands over plans and preparation for a temple of gold and cedar to a new generation with Solomon at its head. And thus it is that this class of splendid young men and women, vigorous, trained, and ready are to take up with fresh energy and holy courage the uncompleted work of the ages and in your turn bear the precious things that are worth while on to their final victory.

The first thing that I would put in your hands is the Torch of Liberty. Dr. Edward Everett Hale wrote one of the most weird and fascinating of books called, "A Man Without a Country." For some indiscreet words against the flag and his native land, Philip Nolan was condemned by a court martial never again to have a country of his own. Who does not pity him? For six years now, Bergdoll has been a man without a country. Germany doesn't want him. No country

wants him! It would have been far better to have died as a brave soldier for his country than to have suffered the ignominy and shame of a slacker in deserting his country. Paul was a man without a country. He had inherited Roman citizenship but he was not a Roman and consequently he carried a burning heart through all his days for his despised and mistreated people.

The greatest things of life, I think, can never be appreciated until they are lost. You will never know the value of health until it is gone. You will never fully appreciate mother until she is gone, and I presume that the only way to fully comprehend the blessing of citizenship in a great land like this, the best under the sun, would be by being deprived of citizenship and to be made a "man without a country."

One important bit of education, I believe, is being neglected among us, namely, the education of our youth in the love of freedom,

and in the meaning of liberty. How many fathers and mothers among us Americans, gather their children around their knees and teach them the history of liberty? How once the King owned all the land, had power over life and death, imposed taxes at his will, dictated the kind of religion they should follow. How many of the youth of today know what Runnymede and Bunker Hill and Valley Forge mean? How many have been told that great, brave-hearted men, wrested a Magna Charta from old King John seven hundred years ago and that the task of the generations from that day to this has been to keep this torch of liberty ablaze and these rights of man intact?

I have become weary with extreme pacifism. It has been over-running our land lately. In the General Conference at Springfield, we were deluged with sickly sentiment about non-resistance and the crying of "peace, peace, when there is no peace." We all

hate war, we all believe it should be outlawed, we believe that when the spirit and teachings of Christ have had their full chance, nations will learn war no more, but for patriotic Americans, whose liberties were bought by the blood and sacrifices of brave men and whose significant and incomparable flag has been defended against treason and rebellion by the blood of the brave, any invasion of their rights, any defence of their liberties, will certainly demand and receive the same heroic and ready response as in the past.

I am also persuaded that we have been under a mistaken policy in regard to immigration. We have been overrun for quite a while with the horde of aliens who came to remain foreigners, drawn here solely by the lust of gain, who have despised our laws, become the majority of our criminals, have broken down our institutions, have defiled our Christian Sabbath, have changed our cities into alien camps, and have no thought of

becoming lovers or defenders of the flag or government of America. I would shut and lock the door, which has been opened wide too long, and throw away the key for fifty years.

I would commit to you the Torch of Truth. Jesus said, "I am the Truth"; "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." To Pilate he declared, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." This is an age of camouflage. You do not see the battleship but only the green of the sea and the grey of the clouds, nevertheless it is a battleship disguised. . . . I want you to believe in the truth of life. "Life is real, life is earnest; And the grave is not its goal." There is no greater gift, none more sacred, than life, and to live it filled with high purpose is to recognize the highest value of being and to get the sweetest returns from existence.

I want you to believe the truth concerning

humanity. No science or philosophy has ever been able to give other explanation of our being than that we sprang from God. Evolution and every other theory of life, declare "in the beginning God." Humanity is salvable. All its wounds can be healed, all its ignorance can be dispelled, all of its shadows can be turned into sunshine. The meaning of Jesus Christ and His religion is found in the one big word—redemption.

I want you to believe in the truth of brotherhood. How glorious the ideal that the day is coming when hatred and bigotries and prejudices that now divide will all be done away, and the Gospel of Jesus Christ will make all men one; when there shall be neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female, but all shall be one in Christ Jesus.

I would commit to you the torch of religion. Paul is old when he speaks the text. He is in the Mamartine dungeon. On the morrow he will pay with his life for his fidelity to

Jesus. For forty years, he has kept the fire burning and does not wish it to go out. He takes fire and faith and trust, and hands them all over to Timothy that he may bear them on to faithful men who shall be able in their turn to teach others.

The perpetuation of anything depends upon the love and loyalty it can inspire and the appreciation of its value which it can arouse. If the Christian religion is only a superstition, a fanaticism, or a fashion, it will kindle no fire, stir no joy, impart no moral strength. But look at the record! Paul, a transformed hunter of men; Bunyan the converted tinker; John Newton, the saved slave stealer! One of the most thrilling sights of the General Conference this month was seen at the anniversary of the Foreign Missionary Society. The sons and daughters of the nations were on the stage.

A half century ago a merchant went up from his city four hundred miles to Peking.

He found Christ there, went back and led his own son into the faith. This son was literally murdered by inches by the Boxers without flinching in his faith, and the son of this martyr was presented to us, a wonderful preacher of Christ. This old Chinaman, not only saved his own family but turned aside in a little alley and found a humble shopman whom he led to Jesus. This shopman's son embracing the same gospel in turn led General Feng to Christ, now the greatest Christian general in China. And thus the story of the text is repeated over and over again. Paul, Timothy, faithful men, others, what a record! "Religion is the life of God in the soul of man." Rich is he who has it, poor is he who is without it.

"Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death."

The Supreme Experience

The Supreme Experience

TEXT: Exodus 3:2, 3.—"And the Angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked, and behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed. And Moses said, I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt."

A MOUNTAIN side is the stage. A desert, rich in solitude and silence, affords the scenery. But where is the performer? For nature, however impressive and sublime, is not an actor. It is simply the theatre for action. It takes personality, human or divine, angelic or demonic, made up of self-consciousness, intellect, high purpose and character, to be a player. Personality is found in our text. We see the God of the Hebrews, Creator, Eternal Ruler, Infinite Lover of men, self-revealing and full of plans,

requiring the co-operation and agency of men to complete them.

We see Moses, a slave's son, a prince by adoption, a graduate of the highest university of Egypt, a shepherd minding his flocks. He is eighty years of age. At the time most men are ready to die, he had not begun to live, for life is more than breathing. It is service, accomplishing something. The life task of Moses is yet untouched. There is little to show in results for four score years. Why the waste of time? Why the delay and failure? The answer is plain. He had only now reached the crisis of his life. He had never yet had a supreme experience, had never come face to face with God, and through the revelation of the Divine One, found the revelation of himself. It is only when man sees God and hears His voice that he really understands himself.

We are finding fault today with young men and women 18 to 20 years of age who have not caught a vision of their future, who are not

sure, clear and definite in their convictions concerning career and duty. But this has always been the perplexity of youth. To discover self, to make a wise and safe investment of self is a tremendous problem. To select the wrong road and thereby miss the right destination is a possibility with every young life. The oppressiveness of an undetermined future is a heavy load. Grant carried it until he was forty and tried nearly everything but the right thing. Paul was a man and scholar, a graduate from the school of Gamaliel, possibly a member of the Jewish Sanhedrin, and yet knew not his calling. It required a Damascus road and a heavenly face outshining the sun and a voice that quickened his inmost being to reveal to him that he was to be a minister and an apostle, and to suffer great things for his Master's sake. So it was with David. He was not to be shepherd boy, but King. So it was with Ruth. She was not to be a Moabitess, a mere heathen

girl lost to history, but the mother of kings and of our Lord. And so it was with Moses. After the years of waste and misdirected energies he finds in the desert the bush on fire; and the bush burning and yet unconsumed is the symbol of the eternal God of his fathers. From that God he received promotion and inspiration and power for forty years of glorious work.

He became a leader of men and saviour of a downtrodden race and completed a task the noblest conceivable. In all this I see these graduates. Life is theirs, opportunity is theirs; but the years will bring nothing of joy or success unless each of you shall find himself by finding God. If the crisis of your life has not already come, may it come soon. May there be vision of One who knows you and what is in you and who has prepared for you a work that shall give meaning to your existence and honour to your days and glory to your heavenly Father.

In this text this morning I see three great truths, the first is this:

I. The Presence in the World of the Supernatural.

We are so surrounded by the natural that it is difficult for us to have an adequate sense of the supernatural. The physical holds us in its thralldom. It is difficult to develop a sixth sense in men because they are such slaves to the five. This is the reason for miracles. God must walk upon the water to prove that there is other law than specific gravity. He must touch the bier to prove that there is other power than mechanical life. The sun must hide its face above Calvary in darkness and the earth shake in unutterable agony to show how subordinate and incomparable is the natural to the supernatural. Hence the manner of spiritual manifestations. Just bushes scattered here and there on the mountain side would not have attracted the attention of Moses. It was

natural for them to grow there. Even bushes afire would, perhaps, not be an exceptional phenomenon, for the fire often kindled among them and the mountain was left black and desolate; but a bush on fire and *yet not consumed* makes alert and inquisitive the soul, and God has a chance to speak to him through this great sight. Truth is the bush. It has long been surrounded by the flames. Many eyes have looked to see it destroyed. That it is indestructible and survives all the burning of the ages proves its divinity.

If one beheld the right consumed and in ashes when the flames kindle about it, he would naturally conclude that it was of the earth, and like everything else of earth, temporary in its nature. But the fact that it survives every ordeal, passes through every fire, and yet is unconsumed, proves that God is in it, and it is by this indestructibility of truth and of righteousness and of the high virtues of the human soul that God means to

attract you and call you and convince you and commission you. If the world is natural and all the phenomena earthly then you are doomed, for there will be no proof that you are more than the mountain on which you walk and the bushes among which you feed your flocks. Faith and conviction, belief in God and a sublime task can only be attained when a miracle has been wrought not only before you but in you. You must see and hear a God who calls you to His service.

The second truth I learn this morning is

II. The Shrinkings of a Human Soul.

One is almost impatient if not disgusted at Moses for his timidity, diffidence and shrinking in the presence of a great opportunity. Life is two-thirds past with him and he has done nothing. Here is chance, program, divine urging, glory! Is he going to miss it all by playing the coward? Look at his hesitation. Why doesn't he jump instead of standing still? Listen to his excuses. He

virtually tells God that He has picked the wrong man. "Who am I that I should go unto Pharaoh and that I should bring forth my people the children of Israel out of Egypt?" He is afraid the elders of his people will not receive him. Finally, he tries to get out of it all by pleading that he cannot speak. "But my Lord, I am not eloquent." He plays the baby and says to God, give the job to someone else, and part of it is given. Why all this scene? Is he not the man God is after? Yes. Is the work beyond his ability? Not at all. It is only the trembling of a great soul when responsibility is to be assumed, and he would not have been worthy if he had not trembled. There is no cowardice in the after years. He meets the elders and they receive him because he has learned the sublime name of Jehovah and speaks in that name with authority. He meets Pharaoh and there is no fear. He delivers his message as a high ambassador with dignity. He meets the dangers the young

nation is called to pass through and shares them uncomplainingly. Yea, even before God, indignant at their backslidings, threatening to destroy them, he stands with a courage never surpassed, and says "Oh Lord, forgive them;—if not, I pray Thee, blot me out of the book which Thou hast written."

No genuine soul is egotistical and self-conceited. Only the flippant and ignorant think they can stand alone. "Lord," says the true man, "hast Thou something for me to do? Then You must help me to do it. Yea, You must do it through me." Cried Paul in the face of great perplexities, "Who is sufficient for these things?" And then triumphantly replies, "Our sufficiency is of God." And again he says, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." The joy of Moses was not that God met him in the burning bush so much as that He went with him in the forty years necessary to deliver Israel. The old shepherd's crook that he held in his hand be-

came the symbol of divine power. It writhed as a serpent or waved as a wand over rivers and seas, performing its miracles. His hand was whole or leprous as he thrust it in or pulled it out of his bosom. His stammering tongue gained its eloquence and he not only did but did well his life's work.

III. The Glory of a Task.

It is a long way from the burning bush to the heights of Pisgah, from the inception to the completion of the task of Moses. But the forty years are splendid! They mean more than the previous eighty. No matter how strenuous, what difficulties were met, how many times discouragement gnawed at the heart, he works and wins, and that is the meaning and joy of life. We will give you graduates a diploma. May God give you a commission. The task may seem humiliating, contemptible. Moses was not called to be a general, wearing a brilliant uniform and riding astride a magnificent steed at the head of an

army with banners and music; but he is called to go down into brickyards among slaves, to bear with their weaknesses and complainings and backslidings, to lead them out and up and on. This is glorious. I presume there is nothing sweeter in the experiences of men than a task well wrought, a deed well done, a life well lived. The Apostle shouts his satisfaction, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Even Jesus makes the last word from the Cross a cry of joy, "It is finished." To be able to climb at last the mountain height as Moses did, not to go down into a valley to die, but to ascend and step over, with no failure to embitter memory, God at his side speaking comfort and assurance—this is the full fruition of life.

Graduates, our hope, our faith, our prayers are all for you. May this be the day and this the hour when God shall speak to you; when trembling, yet unterrified, you shall find His

work committed to you; when the task of life, splendid, divine, shall be committed to your hands and all your future shall mean a nobler, freer, and grander humanity.

Contrary to the common conception of many, the Panama Canal, reaching from sea to sea, is not a straight ditch with plain easy sailing for the ships in transit; but, running obliquely across the isthmus, its south end 22 miles to the east from its north end: it bends and curves often. That the pilot may steer safely and accurately even in the darkest night, great range lights are located across the isthmus. At every turn in the Canal the light shines straight in the face of the on-coming ship, and the helmsman need but note the lights along the waterway to insure a safe passage. Between the sea of the past and the great sea of the future there lies this little isthmus that we call Time. We are seeking to make the transit as safely as possible. God has set up the range lights so that in every

age and circumstance and condition of life we will find, if we but look ahead, a light by which we may steer our bark. May the range light of His Truth, may the range light of His Church, may the range light of His Spirit, shine for you and give you a successful voyage.

Jesus, the Need of the World

Jesus, the Need of the World

TEXT: John 15:5—"Without Me, ye can do nothing."

WHAT a striking utterance! It is one of a series of extraordinary assertions made by Jesus Christ.

"I am the light of the world." "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "No man cometh unto the father but by me." "He that hath seen me hath seen the father." "I and my father are one."

What tremendous statements! That there is no light, no rest, no salvation, no revealed God aside from him. What man, however mighty and high, could put forth such claims

without being adjudged insane, or so self-intoxicated as to merit the rebuke of the world. Not even a Kaiser in the day of his glory and haughty ambition of world domination, could escape the ridicule of the race in declaring his partnership with God, and putting himself before God in the partnership, "Me und Gott," a phrase which he doubtless never used.

Egotism is a sin not easily forgiven even in a genius. Man knows himself, his weakness, errors, sins, limitations, and knowing himself, he insists that modesty and humility shall become his spirit. What is it then in Jesus Christ that enables him to advance such claims, indulge such ambitions, more lofty than any ever dreamed of by world conquerors, to challenge a world of criticism to find flaw or fleck or fault in his character, his truth or his works, and to declare it a hopeless humanity without him?

I have been reading lately anew, that sub-

lime Southern poet, Sidney Lanier. He takes up the category of the illustrious characters that have blessed the world with life and deed, and yet finds in each, however worthy and illustrious, a freckle of face, a wart on nose, a stain on life, a loose joint in the armour somewhere, that requires forgiveness by his fellows. And then he concludes his poem thus:

"But Thee, but Thee, Oh sovereign seer of time,
But Thee, Oh poet's poet, wisdom's Tongue,
But Thee, Oh man's best man
Oh love's best love,
Oh, perfect life, in perfect labour writ,
Of all men's comrade, servant, king or priest—
What if; what yet; what mole, what flaw, what lapse,
What least defect or shadow of defect,
What rumour, tattled by an enemy,
Of inference loose, what lack of grace,
In torture's grasp, or sleep's or death's,
Oh, what amiss may I forgive in thee,
Jesus, good paragon, Thou crystal Christ."

"Without Me ye can do nothing." The figure is that of a branch deriving its sap and life and beauty and fruit from the vine, yet cut off, is withered and dead.

It is impossible for us to escape the conviction that he who speaks to us in this text is a superior being, a holy being, a divine being, and that it will be fateful to us if we do not heed his word and seek union with him.

It is an established historical fact that no great change can come to society, no age-long evils be exterminated, no new and holy lessons be realized, except by revolution. You cannot coo money-changers into reformation, or else the doves would have accomplished the work, but a Christ must plat the scourge and lay it mercilessly upon their quivering backs to end the evil. We cannot condone the adultery of a Herod. The prophet must sting him with rebuke, though he lose his head in the effort. You cannot wear a yoke to please an insane King—but heroic men must stamp on his Stamp Act, toss his tea into the ocean and pledge lives, fortunes and sacred honour, rather than be mere chattels of a despot.

A multitude of compromises may avert the

civil war for a season, but at last the death struggle, the hecatombs of dead, the sacrifice of treasure, must end the curse of human slavery. We have just passed through the greatest of these world convulsions. Age-long sins and hoary iniquities have been blotted out at tremendous cost—yes, but we must not lament the loss, for the blessings are cheap even at the staggering price.

I want to present to you the chief of Revolutionists, the first great challenger of traditions deadly and dangerous, the first great Democrat, Jesus Christ, whose eloquent tongue, burning truth and scathing denunciation of sins, whose love, power and spirit in men has made the earth a new, beautiful dwelling place, and without whom we would still be in the night of spiritual and political chaos.

I. The World Needs the Cure of Christ. Not the rest cure, the Keely cure, etc., but the Cure of Christ. Its marvellous effect on the Disciples. How it changed Augustine

in Africa; Bunyan from a poor tinker to a great writer. The Cure of Christ can do as much for all men. Nations are but multiplied men. Modern culture fails, whether spelled with a "K" or "C". Education alone has proved to be refined deviltry. What is needed is the rock of character, of righteousness, of love, and Jesus Christ is all of these.

II. The World Needs the Idealism of Christ. Marvellous ideas, once conceived and grown familiar with, cease to be wonders. Witness the railroad, telegraph, etc. "What hath God wrought." Things so great have been gained by heartaches, toil, martyrdom. We forget that they are only found where Christ is. Let us remember that high and lofty minds and lives have been inspired alone by Jesus Christ. Where do you find the art, letters, music, education, philanthropy and free governments, but where Jesus has wrought his miracles! You stand by this stream of civilization and marvel at its depth and

breadth, but trace it to its source and you will find it bubbling from a hill called Calvary.

Do we war for Democracy, the reign of the people! Then remember the world never dreamed of it until this lover of men said "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." Christ found more than a world in every individual. He said of the children "Let them come unto me," hence our orphanages. Our hospitals grew out of Christ's "Good Samaritan."

Is it happiness you seek? The recipe is in His Sermon on the Mount. Is it peace we are seeking? We learn, there is no peace aside from Christ's will, made in agony on the Cross: "My Peace I give unto you." A peace of justice, based on the Golden Rule. A peace of brotherhood. One is your master, and all ye nations are brethren. This, when recognized the world over, will bring peace. A new commandment I give you, that ye love one another.

III. The World Needs the Breadth of Christ. Our curse has been narrowness. Man cannot see far if only an inch high. The higher the viewpoint the more glorious the vision. His breadth is the wonder of Jesus. Narrowness is only another name for selfishness and selfishness through long history has proved to be but suicide.

IV. The World Needs the Self-effacement of Christ. The mob about his cross jeered and said "He saved others, himself he cannot save." What a compliment and what a truth. He might have come down from the cross, slipped away from danger and death, but He would not be at the right hand of the Majesty on high today, nor loved, nor revered, nor worshipped by men. To save others he must give himself.

And so with these graduates. You may keep your money, your pleasures, and your selfishness, but nobody will ever be saved by you, nobody will ever remember you in prayer and

gratitude. But if you wish to have a place and name and a crown woven by the grateful hearts of your fellows, you must refuse to save yourselves.

True Meaning of Life

True Meaning of Life

TEXTS: John 14:6—"I am the way, the truth and the life."
John 1:4—"In him was life."
John 10:10—"I am come that they might have life."

I CAN think of no greater moral catastrophe than to spend four precious years of time, much money and much energy in securing an education wholly for selfish purposes. It would be an unspeakable tragedy if these hundreds of graduates went forth enlarged in their capacities only to be the better able to prey upon their fellows, to gratify their carnal appetites and ambitions, to indulge their sordid spirit, and to believe that life was only what they could get out of it; that they were intended to be cisterns, with every possible spout and channel of advantage running into the little reservoir of their "exaggerated ego," instead of deep and up-

springing wells fed from hidden and inner sources. "And it shall be in you a well of water springing up unto everlasting life."

With the poet we earnestly contend:

> "Life is real, life is earnest,
> And the grave is not its goal."

No one can live a high life, be motived by strong resolves, be nerved by exalted principles and virtues, dismount from the steed of selfishness, strip himself of his personal good and earthly possession to uplift his fellowmen, in short, be a good Samaritan, unless he has the right conception and the right definition of life.

What is life? Do you think it is a mere physical existence, a bodily organization consuming so many calories, vitamins, proteins, etc.? Then you are an animal and only an animal—not far removed from your ancestral parent in the forest—brother to the beast. Perhaps you are an epicurean and think life

only a pleasure lark; that uncertain of the future you mean to turn the present into a frolic and cry to your soul, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." Perhaps you are beaten into insensibility by the thought that it is only serfdom, drudgery, with your face continually to the grindstone. You are tired of washing dishes three times a day and standing in the treadmill of daily tasks. Perhaps you are struck simply by the brevity of it. How transitory it is, how soon it is all over! Perhaps you are quoting as an excuse for your laziness, indifference, and failure to undertake great things, the lines of William Knox, said to be the favourite poem of Abraham Lincoln:

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

"'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breath
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

With all deference to the poetic taste of the great emancipator, I desire to disagree as to the value of the poem. "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" Every reason why he should be proud. He is the son of God, he is the heir of the ages, he is the master in a world of physical forces. He is not like a "swift-fleeting meteor"—he is the one that discovers the meteors, measures their flight, and tells of their periodic return. He is not like a "fast-flying cloud." He has made a science of the clouds. He prophecies their arrival and their dispersion and gives a weather bureau based upon the study of meteorology. He is not a "flash of the lightning." He is the lord of the lightnings. He has reached up into their native realm and made them captive and turned them into his innumerable slaves.

None of these conceptions of life are justified. They furnish no alibi. Life here is long enough. It is not quantity that counts

but quality. Not grit but grain, not glitter but gold. What if Methuselah did live to be nearly a thousand years old? He did nothing, was nothing, and deserves nothing. Alexander died at 33 and had conquered the world. Nathan Hale stood on the scaffold at 21, but is immortal. Lindbergh, at 27, is a world figure, and Jesus at a little over 30 had redeemed the race.

To get a proper definition of life, I will not send you to the dictionaries. The Hebrew would only tell you that "Khahee," life, had its original meaning in appetite. The Greek would say that "Bios," from which we get biology and all kindred words, is the same word that meant the bow of the hunter. The game he secured was the measure of his life. The Latin would tell you that "Vita" originally meant subsistence. The German would say that "Laben" means not only to live but to eat. While even Webster would tell you that life is the quality distinguishing organic

from inorganic matter, that it is animate existence.

I will not send you to science. It is ignorant of life's origin and its future. Nor will you be asked to consult the philosophers—all of them are hopelessly entangled in their own guesses.

I want to take you straight to Christ. He is the authority. He understands life. He is life. "I am the life." "In Him was life." He is its source, its inspirer, its interpreter, its exemplar, its definer.

Life is not eating, or breathing, or pleasure, or gain, or power. Life is character. "This is life to know God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent." Life is following Christ, "Follow thou Me." Life is imitating Him in whom resposed every strain of nobility; all loftiness of purpose; every degree of courage; the complete charm of dignity and spirit. By universal consent He is "the fairest among the thousands, and the one altogether lovely." If you will come to Him, He will tell you that:

I. True Life is an Adventure.

"Give us this day our daily bread"—bread for today not for tomorrow.

"Lord for tomorrow and its needs I do not pray
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin, just for today."

Tomorrow is unknown, and untried. We can hope about it, plan about it, but it is always receding and ever remains a surmise. We are surrounded by horizons, physical, mental and spiritual, and even on tiptoe we cannot see very far.

We are pilgrims. We can carry little luggage. Today the manna falls and we gather for our need what will keep us and beyond that we cannot retain. When tomorrow becomes today we will be farther on and will gather a new supply. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil (and the good) thereof."

Nothing could be more stupid and dull than a life whose every step from the beginning to the end could be foreseen and whose every

experience be foreknown. The very uncertainty of it is the thrill of it. No one would ever be infatuated with exploration if the earth had no geographical secrets. What about the North Pole? Is there land there or vast water and ice? Can there be life there? Hundreds have perished to know the truth of it. What about Africa? Stanley wins immortal fame by plunging into its dark depths to reveal its mystery. What about Antarctica? Byrd at a tremendous expense has spent a long dark night there that he may find out some of its hidden facts. Why is Abraham leaving Ur of the Chaldees—the lure of life and the spirit of adventure are upon him. "He went out not knowing whither he went." So with these Seniors, not one of them knows where he is going, what he will do, what he will be, what he will suffer or achieve, and this is the charm of it. This makes life beautiful and interesting. It is the unexpected and extraordinary that is called News, calls for

headlines and sells the papers. Adventure is the condiment of life, the pepper and salt that give it taste and zest and keep it from being insipid.

And yet adventure demands the highest courage, incites the keenest intelligence, and calls forth the grandest faith. "By faith"—this is the great explanation of every stalwart in the ancient world and must be in our modern world. Not one of the world's worthies ever asked to see it all, or know it all or do it all, in advance. Step by step is the process—progress! moving forward!

It is a long ways back since Edison made his first phonograph and spoke into it, "Mary had a little lamb." It was returned to him recently by the British government, to whom it had been loaned, as an instrument that marked the beginning of his inventive career. It is a long while since his first electric bulb shone out in 1879—50 years ago. It marked another step in his illustrious way. His long

life has been spent searching the realms of the physical world.

The Wright brothers, testing out their first plane, named "The Strange Contraption," at Kitty Hawk, little dreamed of the possibilities of aviation but they had faith in it.

P. P. Bliss, the famous musician, wrote:

"I know not what awaits me
God kindly veils my eyes."

and took the train, to perish in the great wreck at Ashtabula. Had I the power of a seer I would not unfold your years. I want you to march on and march into them and learn that life is a glorious adventure. If you will follow Him, He will tell you:

II. True Life is an Investment.

Life is not a gamble. You are not throwing dice in Christian living. Even matrimony should not be a lottery as many suppose. If love and not lust is its motive, if fidelity and not folly is its golden tie, if virtue and mutual

forbearance and God rule heart and conscience, then only death will dissolve the bonds, "Until death do you part."

You are dealing with the laws of increase and returns, as unfailing as gravitation.

It is true the will is yours, the decision is yours, the action must be yours, otherwise there would be no personality, character, victory nor moral accountability.

Your life is given you not to squander, waste nor to ruin, but to invest. The world into which you are going is a great market, it outdoes Wall Street by far. Much is made and much is lost in it every day. Four hundred business failures every week in the United States tell the story of bad investments, yet thousands succeed. Two to four pages of the daily paper are taken up with stock reports. If your stock shoots up fifty points in a day there is ground for shouting. To have the bottom fall out and the investment reach zero has often meant to many depression and

despair. But what is money investment to life, or moral or soul investment?

See those men of the parable. How generous is the Master in His distribution of talents. How large are their opportunities and how splendid the possible returns. How exceeding is the joy of the winners—the one with five talents has gained other five; the one with two talents has gained other two, and besides the material gain how invaluable is the "Well done" of the Master and how joyous the invitation to sit with him at the banquet. The one who despised his Lord, and his Lord's money, had taken from him all he had, was cast into the outer darkness, and had the obloquy of defeat forever.

I am exhorting you today to invest all you are, and all you hope to be in the world and in the Kingdom of God, under the direction of Jesus Christ. You are not here to be ministered to but to minister. To remember that "he that loseth his life," in glorious self-denial

and service, "shall find it." That is what the farmer believes when he casts the seed into the ground—that it will be returned with ample increase. Those first disciples said, "Lo, we have left all to follow Thee; what shall we have?" What is to be the result of our life investment in the service of Jesus Christ? And their leader replied, "Verily, I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the Gospels, but he shall receive an hundred fold now in this time and in the world to come, eternal life." Does it pay? Where else can you expect an hundredfold?

America is rich in millionaires. The avenues to great wealth are fairly thronged and we are really embarrassed as a nation by our riches, but we are in no great danger of being overcrowded with spiritual millionaires. Yet they are the kind we need most. If you will make

the proper investment of yourself, you will be entitled to all the hope and all the prospect and all the realization of true spiritual wealth. If you will follow Him, He will tell you that—

III. True Life is an Advancement.

I am glad that God did not make the universe in a minute. All the rocks and soils and strata prove that growth is His favourite law. Infinite time, infinite patience, infinite activity all belong to the Infinite Being. What a misery the eternities would have been even to Deity Himself, if God, had spoken a great fiat, "Let there be," and had done nothing before or since. What delight it must have been to Him through all the countless ages to see His universe becoming.

First the seed, then the stalk, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear, that is the order—is it not grand? My, the pride of the parents in the baby; he weighed nine pounds when born, twenty pounds when he was six months

old, now he is six feet, two and one-half inches high and weighs one hundred ninety pounds. Is not that some advancement?

We are on a journey, we pitch our tent today at the Red Sea, tomorrow at Marah, bitter waters, the next day at Elim, sweet waters, by and by at Sinai, to learn law and order, finally at Jordan and in Canaan, 40 years, 40 centuries, 40 eternities! No monotony, no recessionals, all processionals. This is the joy of living, "Onward Christian Soldiers," "marching," that is the idea!

I have always loved the history of man because it has always been the history of progress. I am no pessimist. In my estimation, humanity has been getting bigger, better and grander as the years have gone by. I will take the affirmative on that question. Consider how ignorance has vanished and knowledge has multiplied. How disease has been put to rout and health made supreme. How human welfare has been emphasized and

human sympathy enlarged. How righteousness has been exalted and become more and more triumphant, while wrong is less arrogant, and is surrendering its throne.

I have been an intense American. I love to visit the cradle of America, I am confident that I will never visit its tomb. What a story of expansion! First a little fringe of territory along the Atlantic; then the Louisiana Purchase, adding the territory of five great states; then the accession from Mexico; next the addition of the Oregon territory, until now we stretch from sea to sea and far out into the oceans. With every stretch of territory has come the advancement of justice and civilization and glorious liberty. One hundred and fifty years of unparalleled advancement!

As a college president, I have travelled over all the states of the Union and have ever been thrilled to find that the boundaries and dividing lines are imaginary. It is all one big, fine country. Forty-eight states, yet one

supreme state—"E Pluribus Unum"—the grandest and best the sun shines on!

I am satisfied it is the same with true living. Can you perceive the boundaries between babyhood and childhood; between youth and maturity? All the same individual—just going on. So it is, I think, with death. It is just a part of the process of development, a purely imaginary, arbitrary line. Time and eternity are one. We march on—then over. I used to fear death, now I would be sorry not to die. I want its fellowship, its comradeship. I want to do what Hannan and Willis and Bishop Henderson and Jesus have done and go on with them into the house of many mansions and into the splendid work of the eternal years.

I shall long carry these young men and women of the Senior Class, and the seven thousand others, whose diplomas I have signed, in my memory and heart. To learn of their success, to see them reach positions of honour and usefulness, to hear of their triumphs and

to hail their achievements, will I trust, rob my old age of sadness and bring me a pension of reward to my latest hour.

A Tribute to Youth

A Tribute to Youth

TEXT: Mark 10: 35–36–37

35. And James and John, the sons of Zebedee, come unto him, saying, Master, we would that thou shouldst do for us whatsoever we should desire.

36. And he said unto them, what would ye that I should do unto you?

37. They said unto him, Grant unto us that we may sit, one on thy right hand, and the other on thy left hand, in thy glory.

POLITICALLY, educationally, commercially, religiously the world will never be captured by age—it must ever be the conquest of youth.

Whether we think of Joseph, riding in the chariot of authority at thirty; or of David, bringing down Goliath at twenty; or of Daniel, superior and supreme in state on the very threshold of manhood; or of Alexander, King of Macedon at twenty, the master of the world at thirty-three; or of Lord Pitt, Premier

of Great Britain at twenty-four; or of Nathan Hale, climbing in patriotic self-sacrifice the scaffold to find it a throne of immortality, at twenty-one; or of Lindbergh crossing the Atlantic on adventurous flight at twenty-five; or of Jesus Christ, redeeming a race at thirty-three, youth has ever furnished the dash and daring, the sinews of effort and has ever been the victor.

Now and then, a Moses may get a start and do his great work at eighty; a General Grant may find himself at forty; a Von Hindenburg govern a nation at eighty-three; a Gladstone sparkle in oratory and political leadership at eighty-five; a Cato, learn a new language at eighty-six—but they are exceptions to the rule. Youth is in the saddle—at least it sits behind the steering wheel and directs affairs.

Today, especially, youth is in demand in the pulpit, in business, in education. If they do not chloroform men under sixty, as Doctor Osler advocated, yet literally and not figura-

tively, the world hangs up the sign for old men and women, "Not Wanted."

Nothing is more fascinating than youth. We do not become ecstatic over old trees bent and broken by the storms, but we do admire the saplings on the way to girth and height and supremacy in the forest. It is not the old ship, tossed about for years on the angry seas, that receives the applaudits and calls for a celebration, but it is the new vessel, unsailed and untried, just being launched that has the Governor and crowd and christening exercises.

They do not recruit armies with old men, whose body, mind and spirit have lost their response to the magnetism of the battlefield, but it is young men usually in their teens, flaming, emotional, invincible who fill the fighting ranks.

I am satisfied Christ would never have attempted to win the world with a band of old men. You cannot think of Him selecting

Nicodemus, Joseph of Aramathea, or Zebedee, for this high service. Age is cautious, fearful, weighs risks and dangers, takes time to counsel and deliberate over possible disaster and defeat. Youth, however, leaps into the fray with no concern for consequences, never knows itself vanquished and holds not life itself dear in behalf of any great adventure.

So this Galilean peasant, who in adult life had never been one hundred miles from home, who had never seen many peoples, dreams a spiritual empire and plans a universal conquest of human intellect and affection. Himself a youth, He chooses and organizes a group of youth to take the earth, and so fills them with His own spirit and ardour, that they forsake all to follow Him and gladly suffer and die to achieve the triumph of His kingdom.

I am profoundly moved, as I stand for the last time in a great Commencement occasion, facing these hundreds of young men and women, rich in brain and brawn, full of red

blood and quenchless spirit, possessing hopes, energies and resolves, to which age is a stranger. How we, who have become footsore with the journey, bruised under the burden and in the battle, depleted under the trial and tug of living, envy you and wish we had your eyes, your nerves, your arteries, and, like the eagle, could renew our youth.

I invite you to study with me for a little while the scene presented in the text and to consider

I. The Glory of Youth.

Why did Christ choose these young Galileans to establish his religion in the world? Not because of their learning, they had none. Not because of their experience, they had little beyond boats and nets. Not because of their position in society, or their affluence—they were poor in all these things. He chose them because they were young. Because they were rich in imagination, in faith, in physical capacity to stand strain and suffer-

ing for his sake, and in all the pent-up powers for fifty years of doing and dying for the kingdom of God.

He chose them because they were novices. They had not exhausted themselves with the futile and fruitless experiments of life; they were not surfeited with the sophistries, illusions and disappointments of earth. They were new—like gold pieces, just minted; like the day at dawn, unclouded and promising; like the suit of clothes just from the tailor—unworn and unsoiled. Ah! that is the beauty of youth—its freshness. The old work horse stands dejected, shoulders sore, glad the day is ended. The colt, with eyes bright, coat glossy, unfretted by collar or tug, runs and kicks and rejoices in its freedom. The old veteran is not so sure of the battle—he has been defeated before. The youth knows he will win because he has never been subdued.

The glory of youth is its enthusiasm. It laughs, if feminine it giggles, it glows, it

shouts, it loves action. You can pound cold iron until your arms ache, and it will be cold still, but thrust it into the fire, make it white with heat, put it on the anvil and under the hammer and it will take any form. The ball game is lost when the bleachers are silent—it was the school and not the team that lost it.

What would candidates do without campaigns. They would never be elected. So in His plan to capture the world, Jesus strategically captures youth that He may count on its vision, its contagion of spirit, its passion of loyalty to put His cause across.

The glory of youth is its optimism. Age sees the clouds dark, threatening, ominous; youth sees the silver lining of the cloud. It turns them inside out. Packs up its troubles in the old kit bag and smiles, smiles, smiles. There is no more quick acting poison than pessimism. At one time, Luther, lion-hearted, defying Pope and Emperor, flinging his ink-bottle even at the devil, loses his courage and

grip on faith, and falls into the dumps. He is astonished to find his wife one morning, dressed in deepest mourning. "Why, Kate," he exclaimed, "what is the matter?" "God is dead," she replied, "and my husband is no longer brave." To believe that God is alive, and is on His throne, and that all is well in His world, that truth is alive, that right is alive, and that they must triumph is Optimism, and youth has it. It is age that seeks the shade of the juniper. Elijah, weary of fighting bad Ahab, and evil Jezebel, and false priests of Baal, runs and hides under the bush and wishes to die—let the chariot of fire come along, God cannot count on him any more. Let Elisha, a young man, become the prophet —he will show the people that the mountains are full of the horsemen and chariots of God, that heavenly forces surround every beleaguered city and soul, that nothing is impossible except to the doubter and the coward If you do not wish to drown in the maelstrom

of life, wear the life-preserver of optimism, it is the cork of confidence, of courage and of Christ, which will never let you sink.

The glory of youth is its strength. "I write unto you, young men, because ye are strong," said St. John. The hope of the church is in its young men. Woe to the congregation when its youth are not to be found in its pews.

"Be strong!" sings Maltbie Babcock,
"We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift,
Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift.
Be strong!"

How I remember the days of my youth—boxing, wrestling, running—we boys were never satisfied when we met together until the tests of physical strength had been passed. At eighteen, I had never found the other fellow who could lay me on my back, who could paint as many flowers on my cheeks as I could on his. At eighteen, I was off-bearing green

lumber from a saw mill, was catching four bricks at a time for ten hours a day. Alas! what a mess I would make of such a test now. Strength! Yes, even physical strength is a fine asset and is enviable. I have just come into the joy of driving a motor car. What a response when the foot is on the accelerator; what light when I turn the switch; what obedience when I move the steering wheel. Every power in a man's being is like that when he is young—he is the master of unmeasured dynamics. Reason is the foot, Will is the hand on the wheel, Hope is the eye which sees the road with all its dangers and the destination ahead.

The glory of youth is its opportunity. Today and tomorrow belong to it—all the future! Yesterday only the old man may claim—sweet in memories and experiences, it is true, but past. Today is better than yesterday and tomorrow will be better than today. Tomorrow will have the best of every-

thing. I hail you graduates to whom it is given—none ever born had such a chance as you.

II. The Ambitions of Youth.

Such talents as youth possesses and such beautiful years as are given it, call for such endeavour and investment of self as will lead to position, power and preferments of every kind. This innate desire to attain and achieve is called ambition. Even the spiritual mind does not exclude it. Evidently Jesus is not surprised to find it in James and John. He does not rebuke them. The other disciples fall into a fit of jealousy, burst into wrath and indignation, but Christ indicates only what the character of ambition should be, and what price must be paid for its realization.

Humility is a great virtue. There is nothing however in Christ that demands that you should trample upon yourself, sing "Oh, to be nothing, nothing," take a back seat, or grovel with the underlings. Those spies in the pres-

ence of their foes and difficulties, thinking themselves in comparison to be grasshoppers, did not enter Canaan

Some charge preachers with being political —scheming to be bishops or moderators. Sure they burn with desire to be elevated above mediocrity and failure as much as other men. They are made of the same clay. They are men, and as long as the church has positions of trust and authority, men will aspire to them. The best symbol of life is a ladder, and if a ladder, then the desire to climb is inherent.

Mark Antony, in his funeral oration over dead Cæsar, stirred the crowd by bringing up the charge of Brutus that Cæsar was ambitious—that he wished to subvert liberty and the republic for a crown. For this ambition the conspirators ran their blades through him. Antony refutes the claim by exhibiting Cæsar's services to the state, revealing his heart of sympathy for the common people, his refusal

of imperial honours, and his will leaving all he possessed to the people.

Now ambition has character—it may be foolish, wicked, vain, or it may be patriotic, holy and Christian. Cæsar, I doubt not, was ambitious to add to the glory of his nation, to extend its influence and power. If all the superb ability and generalship he evinced brought honours and recognition to himself, he had a right to them.

Cardinal Wolsey, in "Henry the Eighth," when he had been exalted in the church and state to the very pinnacles of power and glory, only to find in the supreme moment how fickle earthly fortunes may be, sought to persuade his faithful servant Cromwell not to follow his example. "I charge thee, Cromwell, fling away ambition. By this sin the angles fell." Nonsense! Sour grapes! Don't fling away ambition, but fling away the selfishness, greed, littleness of soul and pride of heart that make your ambition unworthy.

It was not ambition that cast the angels into Hell but ingratitude. Ingratitude is the damning sin

> "How sharper than a serpent's tooth
> It is to have a thankless child."

So found King Lear and so finds God. Ingratitude and hypocrisy are the two giant evils of this world.

On the other hand, I desire to give you, this morning, the advice of Emerson: "Hitch your wagon to a star." Determine you will not be satisfied with inferiority, with playing second fiddle, with any status quo. Be sure of high aim. Make yourself fit for, and entitled to the best. Don't expect it as a donation—be willing to pay the full price for it. To the words of the Lord—"Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of? Can ye be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" say, "I can and I will."

Ambition does not offer baubles—its gold comes high. The glory these young men

sought lay far beyond the road where they stood that day, far beyond the cheap notion they had of a temporal kingdom of pomp and splendour, and far beyond a cross they must climb and conquer.

"If wishes were horses, then beggars might ride." What folly to expect something for nothing. Ambition is a Bucephalus—high-spirited, fierce, wild, untamed—twine your fingers in his mane, leap astride his back and ride him to honour and renown

III. The Relationships of Youth.

There are no secrets about success. At last when broken, discarded, upon the scrap heap, do not seek for alibis and excuses—all the fault of failure will be yours. You refused to obey the plain rules of the game. You resolved to be neither fair nor fit. You loaded yourself down with habits that sapped your body. You surrendered your mind to vileness and to debasing pleasures, and you tied up your soul to evil companions, who poisoned

your whole being with skepticism, irresolution and moral inefficiency.

What the harvest will be is not a mystery. By your choices of friends, principles and relationships, you have pre-determined your destiny. You do not need money to win, not pull, not luck—you need Christ; a Christ-centred self, a God-attended life, will make the grade.

It was a supreme moment when James and John threw in their lot with Jesus. A great day when he came along and challenged their manhood and said—"Follow me." One word tells the whole story—relationships. With whom and with what do you mean to live, to walk, to talk, and to work?

The prodigal, joined to harlots, hogs and hunger is reduced to rags and ruin. What a day when "he came to himself" and renewed the old ties. What a law is the law of association! In the north-land, with an eternal setting of snow—all white—landscape, birds,

beasts—are all white! In the tropics—dashed with endless colours—every bird, insect and serpent is clothed with rainbow tints.

To know the man, one only needs to know his associates—who are his fellows. To measure him, measure his relationships. Listen to this great exhortation—"Be ye not unequally *yoked together* with unbelievers; for what *fellowship* hath righteousness with unrighteousness? And what *communion* hath light with darkness? And what *concord* hath Christ with Belial? Or *what part* hath he that believeth with an infidel, and what *agreement* hath the temple of God with idols? Come out from among them and be ye *separate*, and I will receive you and be a Father unto you and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

Jesus is the climax of character, and he has the power to make those who follow him like himself. Look how he changed the young men of that early band! From ignorant, un-

lettered fishermen, and despised tax-gatherers —unstable, hot-headed, full of doubt, denial and desertion—he made them to be heroes of a world-conquering faith, gave them leadership in all the ages in things spiritual, and proved what divine companionship can do for men. Whatever miracles he may have performed, this was the greatest,—the miracle of character-building.

Look at that young Saul of Tarsus. A student, a graduate, a zealot—breathing out his threatenings and slaughter, mad in his fanatic rage! Can any power change him, unhorse his pride, or capture his soul? Yes, the sight of the face and the sound of the voice of Jesus Christ can and did do it. What an absolute surrender he made? "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss *for Christ.*" Home, friends, wealth, position, prospects—all loss for Him. "Yea, I do count all things as refuse"—what perfect infatuation! All rivals, all riches, all human values—

all refuse. "That I may win Him, know Him," have His faith, His life, His resurrection, His fellowship for ever. "For me to live is Christ," "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life I now live, I live by the faith of the Son of God who loved me and gave Himself for me."

The most impressive object at the great Panama-Pacific Exposition held in San Francisco in 1915, was the statue that surmounted the great Liberal Arts Building, called the "statue of the generations." An old man sits, broken with his years, while a fair and stalwart youth kneels at his feet. The old man is surrendering to the youth his place, his power and his opportunities. Henceforth, the obligations of life rest upon young shoulders. So this morning, I am laying down the burdens, the responsibilities of a lifetime. It is my great joy to know that young life under more splendid conditions for human endeavour will carry on the work I have tried to do. I

have not completed the job, much still remains to make Ohio Northern University the great institution God designed it to be. Carry on! the better day, the best day, is yet to come, and may God sanctify and bless your every effort.